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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE BREYFOGLE FAMILY
Through the First Five Generations in America

by

Lewis W. Breyfogle

Chanute, Kansas

1963

Bound Together With

THE BREYFOGLE GENEALOGY

Prepared by

Flora Breyfogle Grumman

(Preserved and Presented by)

(Bishop Sylvanus Charles Breyfogle)

---

and

THE 1849 DIARY

Kept by

Joshua D. Breyfogle, Sr.

TO

My Grandfather

LEWIS W. BREYFOGLE
(1836-1907)
Farmer, Banker, Legislator

This work is affectionately
dedicated

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Mr Wolf - Newberry - Gift

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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE BREYFOGLE FAMILY
Through the First Five Generations in America

Lewis W. Breyfogle
Chanute, Kansas

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1963

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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE BREYFOGLE FAMILY THROUGH THE FIFTH GENERATION

By

Lewis W. Breyfogle (1889-)

I. - More or Less Introductory

When I was a boy I was aware that my family name was on the unusual side. As I grew older, I realized that my parents and relatives were aware and also slightly proud of this. Actually, this was based more on a general feeling than tangible facts. In fact, it is certain that if the name had been Smith or Jones, the awareness of family would long ago have subsided. However, as it was, this nebulous pride of family has been more or less handed down through generations.

In boyhood, when I was asked about my ancestry, or "what I was", the answer was invariably somewhat hazy, and dismissed by the term "Dutch". I was finally to learn that the Breyfogle name was actually "Pennsylvania Dutch", a term applied to immigrants mostly from Southwestern Germany, who came to America in the early 18th Century, and settled on lands opened up by William Penn in Eastern Pennsylvania. It would have been more accurate to call them "Pennsylvania Germans", as that is what they were. The Dutch part of it, however, did have one small bit of accuracy--these people, of which the Breyfogle original ancestor, John Peter Breyvogel, was one, did embark for the New World from Holland Dutch ports.

During my early life I heard, and remember, a few conversations about the family, and I saw a few of my grandfather's cousins. For one thing, I was aware that almost invariably there seemed to be a definite family resemblance. In other words, they almost always had what we called the "Breyfogle look"--dark complexions, with dark hair and eyes. The men were sturdy, with thick and wide, sloping shoulders and black beards. (Most men wore beards then.) The women were what might be expected in their female counterparts. They were not paragons of soft, feminine beauty, but at 50, they looked about as they did at 25. I often heard this last remark, and over the years I have observed its general truth.

An interesting fact is interposed here: This individuality of appearance comes down apparently from John Peter Breyvogel, the family's one and original ancestor in America. His children were born beginning about 1746, and the family branches these individuals founded all seem to have had a common resemblance, at least through the fifth generation in America. It is almost uncanny, in looking at old photographs, to realize how the strong Breyvogel blood persisted over repeated outside infusions. Almost unbelievably, the family resemblance still often endures to a noticeable degree through the sixth and seventh generations.

It was about 1925 (I was 36 then) that I became aware of the first tangible evidence of family origin. I was living in Akron, Ohio, and a machine tool salesman of Pennsylvania Dutch descent took it upon himself to search the records and found that a John Peter "Breyvogel" arrived in Pennsylvania from Rotterdam, Holland in 1744. This was the only immigrant recorded whose name approached Breyfogle, and it could safely be assumed that he was the family ancestor in the New World. Later events and data, which will be described in chronological sequence in due time, proved this supposition to be correct.

At this point, time will be taken out to explain how Breyvogel (Brey is apparently another way of spelling Brei, which means pap or custard, and vogel means bird) got to be Breyfogle. Such mutations of names were a common occurrence in Colonial America, especially with German immigrants. Usually the clerks and recorders were of English or French descent, and they spelled the names the way they sounded. A case of this kind that approaches the amusing is reported from early Louisiana history. A German by the name of Jake Schneider gave his name to a clerk of French descent, who spelled it as "Schexnaydre". Today the telephone directories in South Louisiana have many Schexnaydre's.

It was not quite so much change for the Breyfogle's. At first it was altered to "Breyfogel", and this is the spelling on second and third generation tombstones. It was apparently later spelled out as Breyfogle by clerks and census-takers, and this spelling has continued. In fact, in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, it is now listed as "Bryfogle". The prounciation as "Brei" has generally been carried along, only at the insistence of the family, as many people persist in calling it Brayfogle. It would be a great pity if this pronunciation should prevail, but it might do just that. In the meantime, the name continues to be "Breivogel" in Germany and Switzerland, and a small number of their descendants in America continue to use the original spelling.

To get back to the main thread of the story, the knowledge that the original Breyfogle came to America in 1744 was about as far as my early interest went. There were, however, some Breyfogle's living in Akron, Ohio at the time, with whom I became friendly. They were Ernest C. Breyfogle (born 1862) and his wife and their son, Dr. Edwin W. Breyfogle (1885-1961). Ernest was a first cousin of my grandfather, although he was a year younger than my father. The relationship seemed closer because Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Breyfogle had lived in Johnson County, Kansas, and the doctor was born (1885) in the same house as I (1889). They were all interested in family history, but unfortunately I had so little background on the subject that much of the information has been forgotten.

I did learn that a sister of Ernest (Mrs. Flora Breyfogle Grumman) had had the deed of the original land grant to John Peter Breyvogel in Berks County, Pennsylvania, signed by William Penn and King Charles II. All of her effects were left to a cousin. I wrote a letter to this cousin, but it remained unanswered, and this information has never come to light. (The location of this original farm is supposed to have been in Berks County, Pennsylvania, but is otherwise unknown. It is not the farm northeast of Kutztown that was bought by George Breyfogel, John Peter's son, on March 9, 1797.) My association with Dr. Breyfogle and his father, however, was of inestimable value in opening up my interest in family history. Dr. Breyfogle spent much time and effort in giving me information up to the time of his death in 1961, at the age of 75.

A great deal of time went by after 1925 before I again gave much thought to family history. In 1944, I visited in Olathe, Kansas, and talked with my father's first cousin, John W. Breyfogle (born December 21, 1872, who at the age of 90 is still active in business). He was always interested in family history, but like all of the rest of us, kept so busy all of his life that he never could do much to further this interest. However, his late wife was a writer, and in 1937 she prevailed upon him to go back to old Kutztown, in Berks County, Pennsylvania to have a look at early family history at first hand. They discovered relatives still living in the area, and were directed to the old family farm where his grandfather Israel was born in 1809. He described the immense old stone barn (its dimensions are 50 feet by 80 feet) and the big outdoor bake oven for baking bread, which had been standing for more than 100 years. He went also to St. John's Reformed Church in Kutztown, where he saw the graves of his great grandfather Solomon, his great, great grandfather George and his great, great grandmother Catherine. In addition, he brought back valuable information in the form of anecdotes about the family, some of which I can still recall, and have made a part of this outline. His visit was invaluable in that it told us where the earlier members of the family lived, and where they were buried. None of us immediately followed up this information, but we had the knowledge to do so, and as we will relate, it paved the way to unlocking much family history data.

An example of such information from the past is the now famous Joshua D. Breyfogle (born 1806) Diary, which is a chronicle of his 1849 journey across the western plains and mountains to the scene of the California Gold Rush. My great grandfather Israel (born 1809)(first cousin to Joshua D.) participated in this journey, and is mentioned several places in the Diary. Altogether, it is a very interesting story. John W. Breyfogle secured a copy of this diary from William R. Breyfogle (born 1872) of Toronto, Canada, a grandson of Joshua D. and set it up in type. Unfortunately, the manuscript and the type were mislaid and lost. However, knowing that the diary existed and its general nature led to our branch of the family finally getting a copy of it after more than 100 years from the time it was written. This example is included to illustrate the benefit of the earlier research by John W. Breyfogle and others of the family.

It was October, 1953 before anyone, including myself, made any systematic and determined effort to further penetrate the fog obscuring family history. (Of course, there could well have been effort on the part of some distant and some not so distant relatives about which I do not know.) However, on or about October, 1953, Mrs. Louise Breyfogle Andrew of Washington, D. C. grew restless on the subject, and took a trip to Kutztown, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Andrew is the daughter of Arthur D. Breyfogle (born January 29, 1871 in Johnson County, Kansas. He was a first cousin of my father). She went there with little more information than that the old Breyfogle farm was near Kutztown. Her visit there was fortunate as it started a chain reaction that triggered some important family history discoveries.

She arrived in Kutztown without very much idea of where she was going or whom she wanted to see, but finally located the Schaeffer family, who had bought the old Breyfogle farm back about 1849, and had been in possession of it since that time. She went out to the farm on the Allentown road, about one-half mile northeast of Kutztown, where she saw the immense 50'x80' stone barn that the Breyfogle's had built, and which is still in use. She got some fine color prints of the barn and its environs.

Also, she went to the cemetery of St. John's Reformed Church in Kutztown and took pictures of the Breyfogle headstones. Three of them are decipherable, and are over the graves of Mr. and Mrs. George Breyfogle, born in 1747 and 1745 respectively, and their son Solomon, my grandfather's grandfather, born in 1780. The epitaphs are in German, and Mrs. Andrew recorded them.

After she arrived home she wrote a 4-page description of her trip and mailed a copy to her Johnson County, Kansas counsins, Mr. and Mrs. George I. Breyfogle. Her two principal discoveries were the farm, which John W. Breyfogle had visited about 16 years earlier, and the family headstones, which he had seen but had never described on paper. She was all mixed up as between the names on property deeds and those on the headstones, and was trying to get straightened out on who George, Solomon and Catherine Breyfogle were. A mimeographed copy of her letter finally found its way to my hands, and I wrote to her and explained who was who. I would not have known this if I had not been exposed to the conversations of Ernest C. Breyfogle back in the 1920's and John W. Breyfogle in 1944.

A desultory correspondence followed which reawakened my quiescent interest in family history. It is sad that all of us were so absorbed with our day-to-day routines that were it not for a stimulus of the kind given by Louise Breyfogle Andrew, the subject would again have sunk into oblivion.

Several months passed, and I was going through Chicago, Illinois when something impelled me to look up the Breyfogle name in the telephone book. Among the one or two numbers shown was that of Oscar Breyfogle (born 1870), (son of Charles Breyfogle, born 1836, my grandfather's cousin, whom I used to see in Kansas when I was a child). I had heard of Oscar at different times in my early life, so I did what ordinarily I would have shrunk from doing, called him on the phone. The voice that answered was almost that of a young man, and we had an interesting telephone conversation about the past. It seems that practically the whole Breyfogle family from Johnson County, Kansas stayed with Oscar's father near Chicago during the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Oscar was 23 years old at the time, and there were about fifteen Kansas cousins not much older or younger than he whom he got to know some time during the Fair. (I was 4 years old at the time, but remember the family comings and goings from nearby Kansas City to Chicago by rail, and the conversations about what they saw at the Fair).

However, I got little new genealogical information in my conversation with Cousin Oscar, and the whole matter might have ended right there except for a fortuitous circumstance. As I was trying to put the pictures from our

family album in the proper hands, there was one of a dark, slender, young Union soldier, labeled "Captain Charles Breyfogle". Now, Oscar's father's name was Charles, and I thought it must be he, and that his family would like to have the picture. I, therefore, wrote Oscar a belated letter several months after, confirming our telephone visit, and enclosed the photograph. It must have been that on that day I was a little more family-history minded than usual, because I sent a copy of Louise Breyfogle Andrew's letter, describing her visit to Kutztown in October, 1953. Also, I enclosed a copy of some notes I had made on reported family origin.

That was when I hit a jackpot, genealogically speaking. The photograph was not that of Oscar's father. (It developed that it was a picture of Dr. Charles Wesley Breyfogle (born 1841), son of Charles Breyfogle (born 1816). However, the other enclosures suggesting the need for more data on the family put Cousin Oscar on his mettle, and he dug out information that I did not dream he, or anyone else, possessed. This was a systematic Breyfogle genealogy covering the period from 1744 to about 1909, written by an unknown person, who obviously had spent hundreds of dollars and many hours running down the facts. To say that I was elated, is putting it mildly, and this feeling was shared by other members of the family for whom I made mimeographed copies. Here were most of the facts that we had dared to hope that we might secure, with dates(in most cases) meticulously put down.

It was months before I was able to determine who was responsible for these nine mimeographed pages of concise information. Cousin Oscar did not know, except that it had been printed in the two-volume work, entitled: "Historical and Biographical Annals of Berks County, Pennsylvania", published in 1909. As a matter of fact, he never did tell me who told him about this data.

At first I thought Bishop S. C. Breyfogle (born 1851) of the Evangelical Association was responsible for compiling this work. Then, I remembered that my grandfather, Lewis W. Breyfogle (born 1836) of Johnson County, Kansas, made a trip to Berks County, Pennsylvania in the latter days of his life (probably 1899-1903) and visited with the Bishop, who was closely related to him. I remember that he was disappointed when the Bishop told him that he had been so busy getting an education that he had found out little about family history. My grandfather finally had to return to Kansas with a few family anecdotes and the memory of seeing the graves in the Kutztown cemetery of some of the older generation, but practically no other data.

I finally ruled out the Bishop as a source of this priceless family information, and then one day my wife, Estella, reminded me that Dr. Edwin W. Breyfogle (born 1885) of Akron, Ohio had said years ago that his Aunt Flora had declared that if she could not get it any other way, she would gather the facts herself. Correspondence with the doctor then confirmed this remark that I had entirely forgotten, although I did remember that she was said to have spent lots of time in Berks County looking up old family history. I did not dream, however, that she finally produced anything so systematic and complete.

Flora Breyfogle Gruman was born in Columbus, Ohio in 1853, the daughter of Charles Breyfogle (born 1816), youngest brother of my great grandfather. Her father, Charles, was a "49er", who brought back what was then considered to be a young fortune from California, and he added to it over the years. A member of a large and superbly-educated family, Mrs. Gruman spent most of her life as an educator, and at one time was Dean of Women at Ohio State University. She had independent means, plus an excellent background for developing genealogical facts. This, plus a reported strong determination and dedication to any work into which she entered, made it possible for her to produce the BreyfogleGenealogy that we are so fortunate to have, True, after the second generation, it covers only the descendants of George Breyfogle (born 1747), son of the original John Peter Breyvogel. However, it is a monumental work, and only an enthusiastic and determined person could have accomplished it.

The question comes up as to why the family was almost entirely unaware of its existence. Obviously, she gathered the immense amount of information on names and dates of birth and death. However, no one seemed to recall it, and we think it probable that the manuscript was never given any distribution. It was apparently just completed before 1909, and at that time duplicating, other than setting up in print, was very much undeveloped. Another possible explanation is that by the time the data was compiled Mrs. Gruman was approaching the age of 60, and had lost the energy that drove her to many accomplishments during her life. At any rate, it was fortuitous that the publishers of the book, "History of Berks County, Pennsylvania" have preserved the information for posterity. In fact, it might be termed as doubly fortunate, as the members of the family who inherited her estate and papers ignored, in 1930, my letter asking for information. Even among the Breyfogles, there are those who do not care about family history.

The first draft of this present outline was written in 1962, prior to our taking a trip to Berks County and Kutztown, Pennsylvania. At that time I visited with Grace and Seneca Miller (brother and sister), whose mother was a sister of Bishop Breyfogle. They credit the Bishop with being the author of the Genealogy. This contrasts with the statement by my grandfather, Lewis W. Breyfogle (born 1836) that the Bishop knew little about family history. The probable truth seems to be, as follows: The two-volume work, "History and Biographical Annals of Berks County, Pennsylvania", was in preparation sometime between 1907 and 1909. The Bishop was asked for data on himself and his family, and he turned to Flora Breyfogle Gruman for information, knowing she had just completed a survey of family ancestry. The two branches of the family were very close. The Bishop always stayed with his cousins when he was in Columbus, Ohio, and they with him, when in Reading. The natural thing was for him to secure the genealogical survey which Mrs. Gruman had developed, and use it for his purposes. He, therefore, probably added two paragraphs to the first page and submitted it. Just who added the concluding paragraphs on the Esther-Peter Breyfogel's family is not certain, but it was probably a part of the original work by Flora Breyfogle Gruman. The whole thing was a gigantic stroke of luck.

If the Bishop had not thus rescued the Genealogy from Obscurity, it is almost certain that it would never have come to light. Incidentally, we have looked over the Berks County History and Biographical Annals quite thoroughly, and saw very little systematic genealogical data on families. In other words, the whole circumstance was a piece of good fortune for the Breyfogle family.

After the discovery of the Genealogy, we were mostly involved with its study and in correspondence with older members of the family. I did spend a day or two in Berks County in the summers of 1955 and 1956. In both instances, my time was limited by outside circumstances. However, I absorbed a certain amount of background which will show up in further remarks on Breyfogle family history. A systematic searching of old records might reveal much more, but time was not available during those visits.

To give a general description of information added during the last five years, further collection of data was first slowed down by the serious illness of Louise Breyfogle Andrew, from which (I am happy to say) she has now fully recovered. In 1958, Louise's sister, Eva Breyfogle Lovelace, took up the work, and has accomplished a great deal. Much of this has been along the lines of collecting current genealogical data on the various family branches. She has written to many of the hitherto unknown members of the family, even the Breivogels living in Germany.

One of her signal accomplishments was the securing of the Joshua D. Breyfogle (1849) Diary, which chronicles his journey over the western plains to Sacramento, California. The Breyfogles of that generation were an adventurous lot, as six of them made the trip, including two sets of fourth generation cousins. One of them was my great grandfather, Israel Breyfogle (born 1809). The information that was brought to light as a result of the discovery of this diary was some essential and long-missing facts (with the help of the Genealogy) about the discoverer of the legendary "lost Breyfogle gold mine". A recent new edition of the book, "Lost Mines of Death Valley" by Harold O. Weight of Twentynine Palms, California contains this new data on a subject on which there has always been a record amount of misinformation. Eva Breyfogle Lovelace secured also and had mimeographed the Joshua Breyfogle Civil War Diary, by the son of Joshua D. Breyfogle of California 1849 gold rush days.

In addition, she has carried on systematic correspondence while endeavoring to trace the family traditon of a lost legacy in Holland. Unfortunately, she was not able to make any headway with present Dutch officials, but Dr. Edwin Breyfogle (1885-1961) was able to give us the facts as he observed them 60 years or more ago, and the story is told in the main body of this outline. Eva Breyfogle Lovelace was more fortunate in her efforts to find where the Breyfogles originally came from, and the probabilities can now be reconstructed with reasonable assurance.

In August, 1960, Eva Breyfogle Lovelace lost her daughter-in-law in an automobile accident, and she has since then had her family-history activities considerable curtailed by the care of her three small grandchildren. However, she still carries on some correspondence with the various Breyfogles in this country and in Europe. She is now in touch with several older members of the family in Eastern Pennsylvania, but she, herself, is not now free to travel and investigate at first hand. The Breyfogle family is greatly indebted to both Louise Breyfogle Andrew and Eva Breyfogle Lovelace (sisters) for their energy and determination in this work. They will continue to contribute to the knowledge of the subject.

It should be emphasized, however, that this is the story of the Breyfogles as I know it. There may be additional information in the minds of other members of the family that may or may not ever get on paper. It is distressing to consider how much information has been carried to the grave over the years. This, therefore, is an effort to preserve what we can. Already we have lost several older members of the family who have contributed to this work--Oscar Hugh Breyfogle of Chicago (1870-1958); Lewis H. Breyfogle of Kalamazoo, Michigan (1870-1956), and Dr. Edwin W. Breyfogle of Akron, Ohio (1885-1961).

The story which follows this general introduction will be told from a personal angle. In other words, as emphasized above, it is not the complete Breyfogle history, but what I personally know about the subject. I will feel free to explore any interesting facets of the story. Therefore, no conscious effort will be made to be concise, as (like the introduction), the story is told as much for my own satisfaction as for the benefit of others.

The length to which the history of the family will be carried will not be definite, but generally will end during the fifth generations. We will, however, go into the lives of members of the family who are reported to have distinguished themselves or done something of unusual interest. (Of course, we are obviously limited to what we know. There are undoubtedly many distinguished members of the family of whom I do not know.)

There still remains the extension of the Genealogy to cover, roughly speaking, the last 60 years. This would be a lengthy task, compounded by the natural increase of ever expanding number of the different family branches. Incidentally, there may be literally hundreds of descendants of John Peter Breyfogle, and the number of these can be doubled when the female descent is taken into consideration. The task of running down all of these is not impossible to energy and determination, and perhaps someone of the family will accomplish it. As for me, a degenerative disorder of the eyes, called "bilateral senile macular degeneration" has already taken most of my eyesight. Glasses alone no longer enable me to read, and I must use an accompanying magnifying glass. Without it, I cannot see the words that I am writing.

Breyfogle History by L. W. Breyfogle

II. - The Breyfogle Story - Old World Background

There has been a great deal of speculation as to where John Peter Breyvogel came from in Europe. For example, Flora Breyfogle Grumman, in her family genealogy (or, was it Bishop Breyfogle who wrote this part?) apparently had no firm facts, but did indulge in some speculation on the subject. She, or he, considered the characteristic dark family complexion, which lasted even beyond their generation (fifth), and advanced the theory that the family may have originated in France or some other country where Latin blood was strong.

This was not an untenable conclusion. In the late 17th Century, the religious disturbances following the Revocation of the French Edict of Nantes caused one hundred thousand or more French Hugenots to seek homes in other lands, and this could have included emigration from the French side of Switzerland, where at least some of the inhabitants are dark-complexioned, like the Breyfogles.

Incidentally, the persistence of the dark complexion in the descendants of John Peter Breyvogel is very interesting. It lasted through the fifth and sixth generations in America, and while this indicates some continued marriage of mostly like and like, it also points to the persistence of a strong family inheritance of appearance, which must have developed through generations. Most of the Breyfogle family branches seem to look somewhat alike. For example, when descendants of the second-generation Jacob (son of John Peter) were discovered, they were found to look surprisingly like many of my family branch; namely, the descendants of second-generation George Breyfogle, his brother.

However, be this as it may, it has been reasonably well established that John Peter Breyvogel came from the Rhine Country in Germany, and probable that province of superb beauty--the Palatinate, or Pfalz, as it is known in Germany. Eva Breyfogle Lovelace's efforts to get information on family origin from members of the Breivogel families in Germany met with the same response that probably came to Bishop Breyfogle or Flora Breyfogle Grumman (when they traveled in Germany about the year of 1900 and contacted some of the Breivogel family directly), and this was that they knew nothing about their ancestors beyond their great grandparents.

Eva had one stroke of good fortune, however, One of her letters got into the hands of Dr. Fritz Braun of Kaiserlautern, Germany, a Rhine Country city, located in the center of the Pfalz. We quote from the translation of his letter:

> "In your letter of 4 December 1958 you asked where John Peter Breyvogel came from (originated). It is probable that the Breivogels of 1744 emigrated from Switzerland into the Pfalz because there is no doubt that John Peter Breyvogel left from the Pfalz. A proof of this is the fact that on the steamer Phoenix were no emigrants from Switzerland, but only emigrants from the Pfalz.

"From the names of the passenger list, I believe I can truthfully say that the emigrants came from the northern part of the Pfalz.

"On the enclosed map, I have circled in red the place where I think they came from. On the ship's list just before Breyfogle is an emigrant by the name of Jacob Steffen. He came from Wolfersweiler, also on the map.

"I know the name Breivogel. The name is heard seldom (rare) in the Pfalz--only in Udenheim, and here it has been heard around the year 1770.

"Maybe, I can, in the course of time, tell you about these looked-for immigrants.

"With the best of greetings,

Dr. Fritz Braun"

Probably no map that can be readily secured will have the location of these towns. However, Udenheim is in the northern part of the Pfalz, or Palatinate, not far from Heidelburg and Worms. As Dr. Braun says, the name is occasionally met with in the general area, and Eva Breyfogle Lovelace has contacted some people by that name, as perhaps the Bishop or Flora Breyfogle Grumman did years ago.

It is a fact that the great majority of Pennsylvania Dutch immigrants came from the Pfalz, or Palatinate, and were known as "Palatines". William Penn opened up Eastern Pennsylvania, and then conducted a high pressure advertising campaign to attract settlers. This was particularly timely as the Palatinate area had been laid waste repeatedly in the wars between the French and the Prussians. Moreover, there was considerable religious conflict, as control changed from the Protestants to the Catholics and back again. In other words, the inhabitants were weary of continual strife and confusion, and wanted a place where they could live, worship and work freely and happily. Beginning shortly after the early years of the 18th Century, the influx started (about 1712) and gained momentum, especially during the years 1730 through 1756. By this time William Penn had passed on, but his sons and heirs bought great grants of land from the Indians so that there was room for all.

It may be a little difficult to develop a good mental picture of the Pfalz, or Palatinate, although it should appear on all large and complete maps of Germany. It is bounded on the west by the Saar Basin and Luxembourg, on the south by present day France, on the south and east by Wurtemburg, and on the north by Baden and other adjoining German states. A description from a tourist folder, sent by Dr. Braun, should add more. The entire first paragraph of which is quoted, as follows:

"The Palatinate on the Rhine is a country of wine and woods. One might compare its shape to a long window jutting out from Germany towards the west. Here, fertile farms, alternate with flourishing vineyards and forest-clad hill regions. Ancient towns, castles and strongholds of historic interest, health resorts and the picturesque little villages and towns in the wine-growing district along the German Wine Road form a charming pattern of great variety. Right through the middle of the Palatinate, the German Wine Road extends like a golden belt. A dense network of highways gives access to the Palatinate. Hill roads and hiking trails lead through the Phalzer Wald, or Palatine Forest, one of the largest unbroken tracts of timber in Germany."

This is the indicated homeland of the Breyfogles. It is beautiful and prosperous today, and it would have been beautiful and prosperous then except that wars had periodically laid waste to the land, towns and cities.

While it is practically certain that John Peter Breyvogel came to America from the Pfalz, it does not mean that the Breyvogel family was native to the region. Religious refugees had been coming into the area since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1695. These were Protestants, like John Peter Breyvogel, and the family could have come from France or Switzerland. Or, on the other hand, it might have been native to the Pfalz. One fact lends credence to possible outside-Pfalz origin. The family has always been apparently small in number, which points to the probability that they descended from very few people, or possibly only one man, as did the Breyfogles in America. There is no way to trace basic family origin. We know that there are a few Breyvogels in the Pfalz, and the name is occasionally met with in Switzerland, to the south(where there are lots of Freivogels, too). Actually, we can be realistic and dismiss the matter, as even if the Breyvogels did immigrate to the Pfalz, they almost certainly intermarried with it's people of like faith; so, John Peter Breyvogel undoubtedly, like his 1744 fellow-shipmates, carried a Palatinate background. That this is something of which to be proud will be realized when the story of the Pennsylvania Dutch heritage in America is comprehended.

It will be noted on the map of Western Europe that the Netherlands ports of embarkation, through which the Pennsylvania Dutch emigrants poured, are really not very far from the Pfalz. It probably was not too difficult for John Peter Breyvogel and his brother (there were two of them) to get to the Netherlands. They were apparently quite young, and for all we know, they may have stayed in the Netherlands a year or more before John Peter decided to push on to America, while his brother stayed behind in Holland, and later amassed a fortune in shipping.

I do not know the brother's first name, but I heard repeatedly, while still a small boy, the story of his estate, and the family's attempts to secure it. If someone in the family had been sufficiently interested prior

to 1900, and the facts could have been made available, but as usual, people tend to carry what they know to their graves. In the instance of the story of the Breyvogel Netherlands inheritance, we had another of our pieces of good fortune. Dr. Edwin W. Breyfogle (1885-1961) of Akron, Ohio was an interested listener and observer as a teen-aged boy, and retained a vivid memory of the facts. In a letter to me, dated April 30, 1958, he gave the highlights of the story, as follows:

> "The Breyfogle who stayed in Holland. I read the small pamphlet printed by the Government of Holland to explain about the estate. This pamphlet was about 4 by 6 inches, and 8 or 10 pages were devoted to specific bequests to friends, such as hunting horses, saddles, silver plate, vases and goblets, shirt studs, both diamond and pearl cuff links, paintings, furniture, rugs and other items. The remainder of the estate was bequeathed to his brother in America.
>
> "At some time before my grandfather died (1884), the family took up a collection and sent an attorney to Holland to claim the estate. He remained there for several months and returned, telling that it was outlawed because of time, and had already reverted to the Crown. However, he was very poor when he went over, and comparatively wealthy when he came back. It was thought that the Crown bought him off (as it was shortly due to revert).
>
> "Dr. Edwin S. Breyfogle (born 1854) brought that pamphlet with him when he returned from Post graduate work in Vienna and Berlin. I think that was about 1900. (I am positive it was between 1896 and 1903 because I remember where we were living when I read it.) Nothing was said about a museum, as I remember."

Incidentally, Dr. Edwin S. Breyfogle was Dr. Edwin W. Breyfogle's uncle, and a prominent San Francisco physician. The above is all the story given by Dr. Edwin W. Breyfogle, except that the Breyvogel who stayed in Holland, made his money in shipping, and lived on one of the islands off the Netherlands coast. A glance at the map will show that much of the Netherlands coast is fringed with islands of substantial size. The story above is the same as told to me by my father 55 years ago, except that he did not have the details shown in the small pamphlet.

An effort by Eva Breyfogle Lovelace to get information on the brother and the inheritance has ended in failure. It seems that the Netherlands has since that time undergone several changes in type of government, and the old records are largely unavailable. Of course, she labored under the handicap of not knowing the brother's full name and place of residence. At the expenditure of considerable time and money on the ground, the facts might be obtainable, and perhaps some member of the family, sojourning in Europe,

will eventually use both to get results. In the meantime, we should be thankful that we have as much information as we have, because Dr. Edwin W. Breyfogle has given us all of the essential facts. It is probable that John Peter Breyvogel knew something about his very successful brother, but put nothing down in writing for posterity, and as near as we can learn, neither did his sons George, Jacob and Peter. Probably Flora Breyfogle Grumman knew the story, but it did not fit in her concise genealogy, and was not made a part of it. It might have been among her papers, of which we were unable to get information from those who inherited her estate.

To me, the brother's story throws some light on the background of the Breyvogels in Europe in that they probably were not farmers, but town dwellers, with some inherited aptitude for developing businesses. They were apparently not members of the richer classes, however, as these people tended to stay with their landed possessions, however pillaged or ravaged.

III. John Peter Breyvogel Comes to the New World

John Peter Breyvogel must have been in his 20's when he arrived in Philadelphia, in the New World. As the Breyfogle Genealogy points out, he had no family with him, and he was over 16 years of age. Otherwise, he would have not had to take the oath of allegience to the British King. Because he was young, and undoubtedly full of zest for life, which is characteristic of the vital and energetic Palatines, with generations of good nutrition behind them, he probably enjoyed to the utmost the sea voyage and the sights of Philadelphia, including broad brimmed-hat-wearing Quakers and occasional Indians from the nearby frontier. It is almost certain that he had forged strong ties of friendship with his shipmates, apparently all Palatines, like himself. For a matter of further interest, we give you below a list of their names. There were 107 signatures, some by mark (X). Note that John Peter apparently was literate and could sign his name. He signed it "Breyvogel". The total ship's load was 165, of which 110 were male and 65 female. Three males were apparently under 16.

(List 1060) At the Courthouse of Philadelphia, 20th O'ber, 1744
Present: Edward Shippen, Mayor — Ben. Shoemaker)
Wm. Allen, Recorder — Septimus Robinson) Esquires
Robert Strethill)

The foreigners whose names are underwritten, imported in the Phoenix-William Wilson, Capt., from Rotterdam, and last from Cowes, did this day take the foregoing Oaths of the Government.

Henrich Hartman	Vallentin (X) Winesheim
Johannes Herberth	Fillibs Krebs
George (X) Shon	Johannes Fluck

Johann Wendel Metzler
Johann Adam Megel
John Adam Morgen
Lorentz Erbach
Adam Fischborn
Andonius Fischborn
Nicklar Peter
Thiebalt Klein
Casper Schneider
Cunradt Fuchs
Johann Phillipes Mauck
Andonius Weyrich
John Peter Gotz
Christoffel Westerberger
Mattheis Kolb
Johan Jerg Wohnsitler
Friederich Partemer
Phillipp Bretz
Mardi Kolb
Johannes Schneider
Dewalt (A) Laub
Jacob Hau
Philips Wendel Klein
Johan Jost (O) Tizler
Johan Henry (X) Marringer
Jacob Buchman
Johann Hermann Mohr
Gorg Rach
Johannes Klein
Johann Nicolaus Wagner
Johannes Kuhn
Friedrich Stelwag
Johann Valendin Hun
Peter Faust
Gerhardt Fiscus
Jacob (OO) Stephen
Joh. Peter Breyvogel
Jacob ( ) Wagner
Andreas Sorger
Joh. George (X) Meisenheim
John Adam (H) Klein
Conrath Jung
Johan Pfillib Hoflich
Friederich (X) Huby
Johan Phillib Kercher
Hans Hermerich Kuntz
Johan Adam Baum
Anthonius Hoblich
Andres Grubel
Johann Friederich Sauer
Johann Dierk Heffner
Paulus Eberhart
Jorg Wilhem Staudt
Johan Nicolaus Messerschmid
Conrad Elling
Johann Balthasar Fischborn
Paul Schneider
Mardin Clower
Gerhardt Schaffer
Ip. Fiehl
Peter Tauphaus
Friederich Michael
Conradt Hoflich
Henrich Platt
Johann Phillipp Andres
Friederich Gresser
Christian Eberhart
Wendel Broder
Marx Kieffer
Johan George (X) Westberger
John Nickel Hun
Andereas (A) Eshbacher
J. Phillip (A) Santon
Johan Bach
Friedrich Huber
John Philib Magmer
Johannes (11) Magemer
Johan Reinhart Waltz
Christoffel Dieckenschiet
Johannes Dickert
Johann Jorg Schaffer
Friederich Casimir Muller
Phillip Peter Fraffert
Bastian Morian
Johan Peter Fuchs
Johan Peter Kolb
Henrich Lies
Herman (X) Decrieff
Philip (X) Flugh
Christoffel Fiehl
Rudolff Fiehl
Vallentin Huf
Diellman Dieckenschiedt
Johannes (J) Kuntz
Weymar Strunk
Anndon Schneider
Phillip Jacob Bader
Johan Philip (X) Roth
Hans Dewalt (X) Seltenreich
Peter Phillipp Hahn
Henry (X) Plad
110 men -- 55 women - total 165

At this point let us get a perspective on Eastern Pennsylvania of that day and its people. English and Welch Quakers had preceded John Peter Breyvogel and his compatriots, and had come in considerable numbers after 1680. They were numerous in and around Philadelphia, and even in the hinterland to the west. In 1682 and 1683, there was quite an influx of Mennonites from Switzerland and Germany. These were the Plain People, or as they are called, the Plain Dutch. They were not directly related in religion to the flood of immigrants from the German Palatinate, which started just after 1700, and was at its height from 1730 to 1756. These Palatines were members of the Protestant Lutheran and Reformed churches, and were later known as the "Gay Dutch", to set them apart from the Plain People, Mennonites, Dunkards and Amish, etc. The numbers of the Gay Dutch were many times that of the Plain Dutch then, and they still are today, although the Gay Dutch have been so thoroughly Americanized for generations that some people persist in believing only those people who dress in black cloth and affect beards are true Pennsylvania Dutch. Nothing could be farther from the truth. For example, the first two times we were in the Pennsylvania Dutch country for short stays of two or three days each, we saw thousands of people in the large and small towns and in the countryside, and we identified only two men in the "Plain Dutch" garb. On our third trip, in 1962, we went into Lancaster County, where the Plain People are concentrated, more or less, but they still are a minority group there.

Let us get a picture of the Pennsylvania Dutch country as it existed then and exists now. Of course, the latter is plainly a misnomer, as the Pennsylvania Dutch blood long ago burst out of its general confines and spread all over Pennsylvania and the rest of the United States. It pioneered successful agricultural settlement on all frontiers, as the Palatines and their distant relatives, the Plain Dutch, were skilled farmers, and combined rare physical vigor with systematic determination. More specifically, the Pennsylvania Dutch, even in Colonial times, were pushing down the western valleys of Maryland, Virginia and North and South Carolina. Later, they formed a substantial part of the population influx into Ohio and Kentucky.

To get some idea of the Pennsylvania Dutch area of settlement in John Peter Breyvogel's day, find Eastern Pennsylvania on the map, then draw a line west through Allentown to Harrisburg; then south across the Maryland state line to take in the Cumberland River Valley and east to Philadelphia; thence, north to the starting place. It is a beautiful and fertile country today, and it was then except that it was covered with thick forests which the settlers had to clear out with axes. The Palatines who were accustomed to hard work went at this task with zest and vigor, and it was not long until they had converted the wilderness to a land of plenty. There was little of the soil-mining that came to be characteristic of New England and the South. The Palatines were the best farmers in Europe, and they brought their effective practices with them. The quality and level of nutrition was higher in Eastern Pennsylvania than in any part of the original thirteen Colonies.

It should be explained that the Palatines did not constitute all of the settlers in the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch country. Aside from the minority Plain Dutch, there were some immigrants from other German provinces, An example is the Peter family, from which my grandfather's grandmother came. (See Genealogy, Page 8). They came from Baden, which is to the north of the Pfalz, about the year 1700. There were many like them from other parts of Germany. Also, there were sizeable numbers of Swiss, French Protestants, English and Welsh Quakers, and Scotch. Altogether, the Palatines, of which John Peter Breyvogel was a member, were estimated to have been about 60 percent of the total number of Pennsylvania Dutch country settlers.

What happened over a period of generations--those families of straight Protestant faith intermarried freely, to form almost one homogenous people. Religion limited intermarriage with the Plain Dutch (Mennonites, Amish, etc.), and to some extent, with the Quakers. Today many people of Pennsylvania Dutch descent bear names such as Smith and Moore. French Protestant or Hugenot names show up frequently. In other words, all people were welcome in William Penn's Pennsylvania province. The Lincoln's in America originated in Berks County, for example. However, their progenitor, Mordecai Lincoln (the President's great grandfather) came from the lesser nobility in England. Incidentally, he paid more taxes than any other man in Berks County. His large and beautiful house, once the seat of a 1000-acre place, is still privately lived in. The chances are that intermarriage gave President Lincoln some Pennsylvania Dutch blood. President Lincoln's more immediate ancestor emigrated to Kentucky with Daniel Boone, who lived 18 years in Berks County. The Boone house is still there and, unlike the Lincoln house, is now open to the public.

Perhaps I have devoted too much space to the Pennsylvania of John Peter Breyvogel's day, but I want to develop a mental picture of the land in which our Breyfogle ancestors lived for the first few generations. It was a world with lots of hard work, but there was always plenty to eat.

The German influx slowed to a trickle about 1760, and Scotch-Irish from Northern Ireland came into the rougher back country to the west. Whereas, the Germans and Quakers and associated peoples treated the Indians well, and got along satisfactorily with them, the "Scotch", as they were called, were said to have been more difficult for the heirs of William Penn to control. They wanted to kick the "heathen" indians out of the state. We mention particularly the Scotch, which still is the predominate native stock of central and western Pennsylvania, because along with the Pennsylvania Dutch, they settled the western valleys of Maryland, Virginia and North and South Carolina, and expanded on west from there.

Now, to get back to the family, we will try to follow the shadowy course of John Peter Breyvogel's life in the New World. He settled in Berks County, and must have married within a year after his arrival. We do not know whom he took for a wife, but it must have been a Palatine, like himself, with the same dark complexion. Otherwise, his two lines of descendants, headed by his sons George and Jacob, would not have both been so

decidedly on the dark side. About the only means of tracing a man of those days is by the tax rolls. There is much work still to be done along this line. Still, in 1752, or thereabouts, the first tax rolls in Berks County show a Peter Briefogel on the Ruscomb Manor Township tax list. In 1758, the same Peter Briefogel shows up on the tax rolls in Rockland Township. This must have been John Peter, as his son Peter (born 1746) was not old enough to pay taxes at that time.

In neither case was the amount of tax considerable, indicating that he was not a large land owner with lots of livestock, but probably an artisan of some kind, who combined part-time farming with carrying on some trade. In this case, we believe this to have been leather-working. We find in the later records that John Peter's son Jacob was a cordwainer (leather worker). Also, we find in our notes, without specific references, that several of the other early day Breyfogels were also cordwainers. In those days, with small exception, there was not a wide choice in means of livelihood. A man was either a full-time farmer, or he supported himself wholly or partially by following the essential trades that were open, including woodworking, Leather-working, blacksmithing, etc. It was still like this just before the turn of the 19th Century in areas that were not well industrialized.

We will probably never know about John Peter Breyvogel's livelihood. Dr. Edwin Breyfogle of Akron, Ohio always said that his Aunt Flora (Mrs. Grumman, who wrote the Genealogy) had the original land deed from William Penn and King Charles II to John Peter Breyvogel, so he must have owned land.

Neither will we know whether the widow Breifogel, who appears on Berks County Rockland Township tax rolls, in 1759, was John Peter's widow. Significantly, a certain Peter Breyfogel paid taxes there in 1758. All of this does not tie in with Flora Breyfogle Grumman's statement (which is undoubtedly correct) that there is a record of the probate of John Peter Breyvogel's estate June 17, 1789. (See Genealogy, Page 1, Paragraph 3). Was there another Breyvogel? We have never seen or heard of any other period immigrant by that name. Or, was the probate of John Peter Breyvogel's estate delayed for 30 years? No doubt, this is one of the things we will never know.

We know from Mrs. Grumman's Genealogy that John Peter Breyvogel had several children. The oldest seems to be Peter, born December 5, 1746 and died December 7, 1819. She makes no mention of his having children. However, her interest was primarily in the line that descended from his brother George Breyvogel, of which she was a member. All we can say is that if Peter Breyvogel ever had any descendants, we have never discovered them. There are probably as many descendants of Jacob as there are of George, but for a long time those of us who took a belated interest in family history were not aware of their existence. This could be true of the descendants of Peter, as well as those of a fourth son, John or Solomon. (His correct name is not known). Peter's children, of course, could have been all girls, or his male line might have died without issue in the third generation.

The Flora Breyfogle Grumman Genealogy gives the birth date of George Breyfogle as February 4, 1747, and the date of his death as October 6, 1827. According to the family Bible records kept by some members of his line, Jacob was born January 6, 1748, and died in December 1840 at the age of 92 years. (This indicates that there was a strain of longevity in the Breyfogles, as evidenced by the records of the children of George, Sr.)

As for the fourth brother, John (or Solomon, whichever is his true name), we know nothing. We do know he existed, as he is recorded as a soldier in the Revolutionary War. There was also the daughter of John Peter, who married a man by the name of Row. (This is generally spelled as "Rowe"), and she probably has dozens of descendants. Incidentally, this name reminds one that the secceeding generations of the Palatines have been on the American scene so long that their names have become accepted as of Anglo-Saxon derivation. We never cease to marvel about this when we read of Pennsylvania Dutch immigrants and their descendants. It brings home the realization that there is infinitely more Pennsylvania Dutch blood in America than is generally believed.

As John Peter Breyvogel's family grew up and married, it was probably the familiar story. It was a case of hard effective effort to establish a home and feed the little ones as they came along. The Breyvogel sons were all in their late 20's when the Revolutionary War started in 1776, and one by one they all responded, apparently mostly staying in the service until the war's end. This was characteristic of people of German Palatine Descent. They had no divided loyalties as between the Continental Congress and the British Crown. They knew only that they loved their new homeland, and responded fully and whole-heartedly to fight in its behalf.

We have no details of their individual service, except that (1) George Breyfogel is listed in the Pennsylvania Annals, Volume 6, Page 278, as being in Captain Jacob Rothermel's Company. (2) Jacob Breyfogel is listed in the Pennsylvania Annals, 3rd Series, Volume 6, as being in Captain Warner's Company (Page 276), and as being in Captain Christopher Flock's Company (Page 295). Peter Breyfogel was listed under Return of Captain Peter Kieffer's Company in Callcandu's Roster of Berks County Militia. (4) John Breyfogel is listed in return of Revolutionary War Veterans of Call, Brook Dale Township, Adam Roth, Capt., May 11, 1784. The references can be rechecked. For example, one listing shows John Breyfogel in the York County Militia in 1778. All we can be sure of is that the brothers all bore arms in the Revolutionary War. There is a Revolutionary War Service Insignia on George Breyfogel's grave in St. John's Reformed Church burial ground, Kutztown. Probably if the graves of the other brothers could be located, they have the insignia also. We have been unable to locate any records of these graves in the eastern counties of Pennsylvania.

As already emphazised, the efforts of John Peter Breyvogel's children followed the pattern of the citizens of the period. They worked hard to build their places in life and to raise their families. There were births,

christenings, barn-raisings, church and other social affairs. As for religion, we know only that George Breyfogel was a member of the St. John's Reformed Church in Kutztown, about 23 miles northeast of Reading, in Berks County. However, this was originally a federated church, with both Lutheran and Reformed members. All we can say is that the Breyfogels were originally members of one of these two closely-related sects, as were practically all of the Palatines.

IV. What I Know of Jacob Breyfogel's (1748-1840) Descendants

Because we have so few facts on the descendants of any line other than the one of George, son of John Peter, we will take up the line of his brother Jacob first. As before given, he was the third son of John Peter, born on July 6, 1748, and died in 1840. Therefore, he lived through two wars, including that of 1812.

The first member of the line of Jacob Breyfogle we ever encountered is Mrs. Sadie Breyfogle Ayleworth of Rural Route, Hebron, Indiana. It seems that Oscar Breyfogle's father, Charles Breyfogle (1836-1901) bought a farm next to that of the Ayleworth's. Mrs. Ayleworth (born July 7, 1881) tells how pleased and surprised she was when she found that some of Charles Breyfogle's children resembled her relatives. We observed this when she showed us a photograph of her father and his two brothers. They had a close resemblance to my grandfather, Lewis W. Breyfogle (1836-1907).

When we saw Mrs. Aleworth in person in 1958 at Hebron, she was trying to get herself accepted by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and needed to get details on her descent from Jacob Breyfogle, son of John Peter, who, like his brothers, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. She was assisted by the data shown in the Pennsylvania Annals, and the records from old family Bibles. In 1961, she gave us a transcript of her descent, as follows:

Sadie Breyfogle Ayleworth Ancestry
(Sent by her to Eva Breyfogle Lovelace September 12, 1961)

1. John Peter Breyvogel (immigrant). Qualified Oct. 20, 1744 at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

2. Jacob Breyfogle (1748-1840)(92 years of age)
   Maria (wife) (1754-1798)

3. Daniel Breyfogle (born 1795)
   (Polly) Maria (born 1800)

4. Benjamin Franklin Breyfogle (born October 15, 1831)
   Jennie Wells (born August 16, 1852)

5. Sadie Breyfogle (born July 7, 1881)
   Clyde Ayleworth (born January 16, 1878)
   Cora Wells Ayleworth (born March 25, 1904)
   Charles G. Ayleworth (born November 12, 1908)
   John Clyde Ayleworth (born February 12, 1920)

The foregoing descent is interesting from two points of view. First, note how late in the life of their parents the various descendants were born--47, 36, 50 years old, etc. In other words, Mrs. Aylesworth is one of the fifth generation, the same as my grandfather, who was born in 1836. This same situation is observed in other branches of the family. This does not mean that members of the family necessarily married late and had few children. Rather it means that most of them had a substantial number of children over a long period of time. This brings us to the second point of view. It is likely that each of the descendants of the second, third, fourth and fifth generations had lots of children, and each of them started family branches of their own. Not all of these carried the name Breyfogle, but enough did to help expand the volume of those bearing the family name to substantial numbers. In passing, it should be stated that the above information in table form is all that Mrs. Aylesworth has.

We got a further idea of the number of the probably Jacob line of Breyfogles from Mrs. Alice Breyfogle Green of Allentown, Pennsylvania in 1958. She says in part:

> "Great grandfather's name was Jacob. He lived in Berks County, town unknown. Children's names follow: Catherine, Susan, Solomon, Daniel, Hiram, James and Lewis.
>
> "My grandfather's name was Daniel. He was born and reared in Indianland, Pennsylvania. He had four sons and six daughters, namely: Daniel, Frank, John, Alexander, Ella, Catherine, Emma, Gertrude, Mary and Sarah.
>
> "I am a daughter of Alexander, and have a sister, Myra."

It is impossible to correlate the above with Mrs. Aylesworth's list without the help of dates of birth. Also, due to the confusion caused by the practice of successive use of the same given names, it makes clues to relationships difficult.

We can be sure that Mrs. Aylesworth's descent is correct as she has the dates to prove it. It is possible that some of the Breyfogles living in southeastern Pennsylvania have some further genealogical information. For the present, all we can say is that there is apparently quite a number of people with Breyfogle blood in the United States, and they are probably more widely spread than we realize. We have heard of descendants of the Jacob line in Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Colorado and California. Cataloging of these people is beyond the scope of this outline. This story is necessarily limited to only what I personally know of the line of George. Thanks to Flora Breyfogle Gruman, we have a fairly good foundation for further future genealogical efforts.

This is not to say that further discoveries will not be made on the descent from the children of the original John Peter. However, such information will have to be put into the addenda of this present outline. For example, there is still a chance of tracing some of the descent of the Allentown, Pennsylvania Breyfogles. For the present, the objective is to finish this outline while I have some eyesight left with which to do so.

V. - George Breyfogle (1747-1827) and His Children

George Breyfogel, second son of John Peter, grew up in Berks County, and served with Revolutionary War troups from that county. He married Catherine Dreibilbeis, whose first husband was an Ely. Incidentally, note that Catherine was two years older than George. It was a late marriage as Catherine was not less than 31 and George not less than 29. This seems to be a characteristic of some of the early Breyfogels, and the children arrived relatively late in the lives of their parents.

We do not know how much Catherine had to do with George's apparent success in life. It is possible that she had considerable property, and gave him his start, or that she was merely a thrifty helpmate. At any rate, George became a substantial landowner. That he was a citizen of substance and repute is attested to by the fact that in the organization of Kutztown, he was one of the town's first two supervisors, and from 1819 to 1821 (he was 72 to 74 years of age at the time), he was Chief Burgess. Also, a tax list is signed by him as assessor. This information is from the "History of Berks County" by M. L. Montgomery.

We do not have a detailed record of George's land holdings, but probably, one of the last farms that he acquired was one of 305 acres and 90 perches (an acre is said to be 160 perches), bought March 9, 1797 from Donald Beaver, Sr. and wife, Sibilia for 3300 pounds. (This was a tremendous sum in those days--about $20,000)

This farm is located one-half mile northeast of Kutztown on the road to Allentown. The farm stayed in the Breyfogle family until 1849, when it was sold by George Breyfogle, Jr. (22 years after the death of George, Sr.) to David Schaeffer and Solomon Chryst. It stayed in the Schaeffer family over 100 years, until about 1958, when it was sold to Edward Zimmerman, who is the present owner. We mention this farm especially, as the place has come to be regarded as the ancestral home of the Breyfogles.

> To be sure that any interested memger of the family can find this place, it is northeast of Kutztown, on Route 222--One-half mile from Kemps Hotel. After passing the Crystal Bowl (which we presume to be a restaurant) make a right turn onto the first country lane. The farm buildings cannot be seen from the highway, but come into view as one proceeds over the ridge.
>
> It is recognized that some of the family may want to look at this place fifty years from now. The chances are that it will still be in the Edward Zimmerman family, but as a guide in locating the farm, Mr. Zimmerman has given the descriptions from his deeds, and we quote them, as follows:

(First, the approximate 165-acre tract, on which the house and barn stands):

"All that certain message, tenement and tract of land together with the buildings erected thereon, situated in the Township of Maxatawny, County of Berks, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described, as follows, towit:

Beginning at a stone corner in a line now or late of Daniel H. Hottenstein, and running thence by the same and lands now or late of Jacob Hottenstein, south twelve degrees and three quarters east, three hundred and four perches to a stone corner now or late of Daniel Seigfried; thence by the same south seventy-seven degrees and one-quarter west forty perches to a stone corner now or late of Jonathan Bieber's land; thence, by the same north twelve degrees and three-quarters west 59 perches and four-tenths and south seventy-three degrees and one-quarter west forty-one perches and one-half to a stone corner in a line now or late of said Daniel Seigfried's lands; thence by the same north twelve degrees and three-quarters west sixty perches and three-tenths to a stone and south seventy-seven degrees and one-quarter west twenty perches and six-tenths to a stone corner now or late of Said Jonathan Bieber's land; thence by the same north twelve degrees and three-quarters west one hundred and eighty-seven perches and two-tenths to a stone corner in a line now or late of George G. Remp's land; thence by the same and lands now or late of Daniel Kemps, north seventy-seven degrees and one-quarter east one hundred and two perches and four-tenths to the place of beginning.

Containing one hundred and sixty-four acres and fifteen perches strict measure. Excepting thereout a tract of land containing 2.67 acres, as conveyed by Solomon Christ et ux, et al, to Allentown Railroad Company. Recorded in Deed Book, Vol. 74, Page 223, Berks County records.

Also all of that tract of woodland situated in the Township of Maxatawny, County of Berks and State of Pennsylvania, adjoining land of Benjamin Kemp, David H. Hottenstein and others.

Contains 2 acres and 80 perches, more or less.

(Second, a smaller tract of land on which is situated the old red barn built by Solomon and Esther Breyfogle);

"All that certain message, tenement and tract of land situated in Township of Maxatawny, County of Berks, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described:

Beginning at a point in the public road in line of lands of Jacob G. Swoyer and extending thence along the same north 83-3/4 degrees west, 15.35 perches to a corner; thence north one degree west 3.3 perches to lands of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company; thence along the same south 85-3/4 degrees west 54.1 perches to lands of Edward Hottenstein; thence along the same south 4-1/2 degrees east 87.1 perches to lands of John D. Deisher; thence along the same, crossing the public road north 62 degrees east 75 perches to a corner; thence south 8-3/4 degrees east 64 perches to a corner; thence north 33-1/4 degrees west 38.4 perches to a corner; thence north 8-1/2 degrees east 14.4 perches to a corner; thence partly along lands of Jacob S. Swoyer and partly along lands of James Schaeffer, crossing lands of Philadelphia & Reading Railway Co. north 8-3/4 degrees west 116 perches to a corner; thence partly along lands of James Schaeffer and partly along lands of George B. Kohler south 80-1/2 degrees west 70 perches to a corner, and thence partly along lands of Samuel Gaby and partly in and along the public road, crossing the railroad south 8-3/4 degrees east 38.7 to the place of beginning.

Containing 100 acres and 43 perches to Jacob G. Swoyer, dated April 26, 1920, recorded in Deed Book, Vol. 512, Page 446, Berks County records.

All that certain tract or piece of land situated in Maxatawny Township, beginning at a stone corner of land of Jacob S. Swoyer, thence along the same north 9-3/4 degrees west 54.4 perches to a corner; thence along the lands of James Schaeffer the four follow-courses and distance: Viz north 48-1/2 degrees east 7.2 perches to a corner; thence north 76-1/2 degrees east 23.7 perches to a corner; thence south 73-3/4 degrees east 13.18 perches to a corner; thence south 9-1/2 degrees east 63.6 perches to a corner in a line of the foresaid John S. Swoyer land; thence along the same south 79-1/4 degrees west 41.58 perches to the place of beginning.

Containing 15 acres, being the same premises.

One can look up the references given in Register of Deeds recordings, and locate the farm, the two tracts comprising the approximate land bought originally by George, Sr. Incidentally, a warm welcome is in store for any member of our family from Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman. One will find them as much interested as if they were part of our family.

Actually, their farm is only one of the farms owned by the Breyfogel family, but second-generation George, Sr. lived there, and it is where his sons, Solomon and George, raised their children; so it is a place of sentiment for the descendants. Altogether the Breyfogles owned and lived on the farm from 1797 to 1849, or 52 years. (The Schaeffer's record of tenure is still longer - 1849 to 1958)

George Breyfogel, Sr.'s children are listed in the Flora Breyfogle Grumman Genealogy, on Page 2. There were three boys and two girls, and all of them lived to maturity, something rare in those days, when medical science was far from being what it is today. What is more, of the four children, whose birth and death dates are known, two lived to be between 90 and 100 years of age. George Breyfogel, Jr. was 93 when he died in 1875.

When we were in Reading, Pennsylvania in the summer of 1962, we visited the graves of George, Jr. and his wife, Esther, in the large Breyfogel family plot in the Charles Evans Cemetery in the center of the city. Also, we have stood by the grave of his sister, Catherine Breyfogel Gross.

In 1956, we were on the old Breyfogel homestead east of Kutztown, and looked off to the northeast where we saw in the distance a fine old church, which turned out to be three miles away. This is the old Maxatawny Church, and in looking over the burial ground, we came across an imposing tombstone, which marked the grave of Catherine Breyfogel Gross, born October 20, 1784, died October 20, 1881, aged 97 years.

This was quite a thrill, and illustrates what might be accomplished in the way of genealogical information by taking months to search old cemeteries in the Breyfogel homeland. The long life spans illustrate a probable strain of longevity in the Breyfogels of that period, which occasionally crops up today. (John W. Breyfogle of Olathe, Kansas is hale and hearty, and working every day at the age of 90 years.) We know that Jacob Breyfogel, son of John Peter and brother of George, Sr., lived to be 92 years old, and probably some of his sons and daughters did, also.

We do not know how old Jacob D. Breyfogel (George, Sr.'s oldest son) lived to be, but for all we know he may have lived into his 90's, as did his brother George, Jr. and his sister Catherine Breyfogel Gross. We do know that the other daughter of George, Sr., Esther Breyfogel Hinterleiter, lived to be only 78 years of age. In 1962, her headstone was discovered and deciphered in the Mt. Hope Cemetery, St. John's United Church, Kutztown, Pennsylvania, and read, as follows:

"Esther Hinterleiter (nee Breyfogel) wife of Jacob Hinterleiter, Born 21 August 1775, Died 18 March 1854, 78 years 6 months 28 dats."

For many years the early death of Solomon (1780-1817) was a mystery to me. Here was a man whose strength and vitality was legend in the family, and who was the ancestor of a large segment of the present members of the Breyfogle family. By sheer chance, we came across a biography of Ernest Chase Breyfogle (born 1862, died about 1934) in the History of Pickaway County, Ohio. (He was a brother of Flora Breyfogle Grumman, who compiled the Genealogy.) In this biography, two interesting facts are revealed. One of these is that Solomon (his grandfather) died at the age of 37 from a tumor on the face, and the other is that Solomon's wife, Esther, was converted to the Methodist faith, thus explaining why her numerous descendants were Methodists instead of Lutherans or Reformed.

Even after almost 150 years, Solomon's death is depressing. Such a growth would be easily removed today and a cure effected. In those days the light of medical science was a feeble flickering flame. If this growth had not developed, Solomon might also have lived into his 90's.

At this point, we take the liberty of wondering if the reader is enjoying the fine old Pennsylvania Dutch names that occur in this story, and in the Flora Breyfogle Grumman Genealogy. For example: Dreibelbeis, Ely, Gross, Yoder, Hinterleiter and Schaeffer. All of these names exist in Kansas now and in Southeast Pennsylvania, as well. So are most of the names listed subsequently in the Grumman Genealogy, which illustrates how widely spread the Pennsylvania Dutch blood has become. An interesting experience for me was going through the streets of Kutztown (population 3,312), and noting how some of the streets are named for those who have married into the Breyfogel family. By the way, Kutztown is the seat of the annual Pennsylvania Dutch Festival, which is held each year about the first week in July. It lasts for eight days, and is staged by people who are as modern as television in their way of living, but who take pleasure in preserving reminders of Pennsylvania Dutch culture of the past.

To go on with the story, George Breyfogel, Sr. was 50 years old when he bought the Breyfogel farm, about one-half mile northeast of Kutztown, in 1797, and his second son, Solomon, born 1780, was 17. We do not know how long George lived on the farm, but he probably moved to Kutztown as he grew older. That farm seems to have been somewhat of a show place. The house has been partially replaced by a more modern version, but the immense old two-level, stone barn (built in 1831) is still there, and has about as much floor space as a modern movie theatre. (It is 50' x 60' in outside dimensions, and is built of stones 28 inches in width.) It stands on the side of a gentle hill, and hay and fodder can be hauled into the top level, and fed by gravity to livestock on the ground floor.

An older and smaller barn on the farm, about one-half mile from the main barn, was also built by the Breyfogel family, as a stone at the top carries this inscription on the top line: "Solomon Breyfogel". And on the bottom line, "Esther Breyfogel". The date is chiseled in as 1809. This is the year that their fourth child, Israel, my great grandfather, was born. Solomon and Esther must have been well established on the farm before that time. This date stone was discovered by Edward Zimmerman, the present owner of the farm, who, as already mentioned, is deeply interested in such things.

When John Breyfogle, Sr. of Olathe, Kansas (born December 21, 1872) visited the old farm in 1937, the old outside brick bake oven for bread was still near the house, although out of use for years. However, it had been torn down sometime prior to our first visit in 1956. The outside baking of bread in quantity was part of the thrifty Pennsylvania Dutch way of life.

Still apparent in its location, dating from the Breyfogel ownership, is the remains of a race track, which reported by the Schaeffers was made of sea shells. Apparently some or all of the Breyfogels (George, Sr., Solomon and George, Jr.) were interested in horses. Perhaps they made a specialty of raising them for sale.

The first American railroad was not built until about 1830, and all kinds of material, mail, goods and people had to be transported with horses as motive power. Particularly, it was the day of coach movement of people and mail, and like today, there was always an urge for more and more speed. For that reason, there was a tremendous demand for horses whose blood lines combined ability to travel the most miles at a fast pace. Were the Breyfogels engaged in this sideline to farming? It is a possibility, and this may help to partially explain why George, Sr. Built up a comparatively high level of property ownership at an unusual rate for those days.

For those descendants with some leisure time who want to explore the business of coach transportation in the early 19th Century and the character of the horses that were used, there is a fascinating story, "Dusty Empire" by McKinley Kantor, which should be available in most large public libraries. This was printed in chapters some time after 1925 in the Saturday Evening Post.

It would be wonderful if, by some mystic process, we could talk with some of our ancestors of those days. What now seems to be so difficult for us to envision appeared as commonplace to them, as they were merely carrying on the tenor of their lives, but they would quickly get the idea, and we would soon have what would be to us the whole fascinating story, but, as it is, we have to try to chisel out of the past the little we can get, as much of it will forever elude us. There is one more unmentioned fact about George, Sr. and his farm enterprise. Tradition has it that he raised cattle on a scale that was large for those days. With this, we can paint a limited picture of life on this rich farm.

A 305-acre place in 1797-1849 was a large operation. Anything approaching mechanized farming was years away. The tools used were the sickle, the great Dutch scythe, and rake and the plow. Added to this was the corn knife and various devices for shucking and shelling corn. While one or two men can farm a half section today with the latest machinery, probably as many as 20 people, male and female, worked on the Breyfogel farm at the height of the season. All of the able-bodied members of the family pitched in and helped with the vigor for which Pennsylvania Dutch people are famed, and they started before daybreak, and did not quit until well into the night. They were able to thrive on this grueling pace, as they were well-nourished, and probably ate five times a day; twice in the morning, with a lunch brought to the field about 9 A. M. and at noon and another hearty snack in the field again in the afternoon, with the main meal in the evening after chores were finished.

They were almost self-sufficient from the food standpoint. One of the most important farm buildings was the smokehouse, with its load of meats. They raised big gardens, with every conceivable type of vegetable and small fruit, and these were preserved and pickled in quantity, as for instance, sauerkraut and the famous Pennsylvania Dutch "seven sweets and seven sours". They had bountiful orchards of apples, peaches, plums, pears, etc. and raised chickens, ducks, turkeys, etc. to supply eggs and supplement their meat. Large copper kettles were used to make cornmeal mush and delicious apple butter in quantity, and there was plenty of home baked bread and pastries, with quantities of rich yellow butter, and gallons of milk and cream besides. The Pennsylvania Dutch country was a land of plenty then, and it is today. The difference is that now machinery makes it unnecessary for them to work so long and hard. However, from what has come down to us, the early day work was done in a spirit of zest, which made it fun, even for the children. There was a time in the year for doing everything, and when they could not get into the fields, they always had other tasks waiting.

VI. - Jacob D. Breyfogel, born 1778 (eldest son of George, Sr.) and his Descendants

It will seem like an interruption of our story if we describe what we know of the life and the descendants of the children of George Breyfogel, Sr. in chronological sequence of their birth, as this would mean leaving the scene of the old farm temporarily, as the oldest child, Jacob D. Breyfogel, did not remain there, but left about 1802 at the age of 24.

We know very little about Jacob D. Breyfogel, except that he must have been born about 1778, during the American Revolution. Judging from the known date of the birth of his second child (Joshua D.), he must have been married about 1802, when he was 24. He must have stayed on the farm until that time. Why he left, we do not know, but perhaps he had other ideas than to continue the hard regimen of work that was a part of contemporary Pennsylvania Dutch life. He may have remained on good terms with his well-to-do father, George, Sr., and he may not. Apparently his father left him something in his will. (See Grumman Genealogy).

Western New York State and the adjacent area in Ontario, Canada was the scene of a large migration from the Pennsylvania Dutch country about this time, and this is where Jacob D. went to live. We do not know what he did for a living in Lockport, New York (a few miles north of Buffalo, N. Y.), but he raised quite a large family which, judging from the style and language of the Breyfogle 1849 California Gold Rush Diary, written by his oldest son, Joshua D. (born 1806) must have been intelligent and comparatively well educated for those times.

The Flora Breyfogle Grumman Genealogy gives all we know about the sons and daughters of Jacob D. Breyfogle except Joshua D., Charles and Jacob, the first two of whom were California 49ers, with Jacob going out a few years after that time. Probably all of the children left offsprings, except Jacob, for whom there is the notation in the Genealogy "No heirs". We have never encountered any descendants of Jacob D., except those of his oldest son, Joshua D. These were contacted through the information given in the Genealogy. This is one of the frustrations in writing a family story. The more one uncovers in the way of genealogical information, the more one is aware of the probability of the existence of scores of relatives whose names and whereabouts he will never know. Flora Breyfogle Grumman was probable personally acquainted with some of the descendants of Jacob D. Breyfogle (born about 1778), and it turned out to be fortunate for California Gold Rush history that she put down a few facts concerning them.

Joshua D. Breyfogle (son of Jacob D.) was born at Lockport, New York in 1806, but moved some time before 1849 to Delaware, Ohio, where some of his first cousins lived (including my great grandfather, Israiel, born 1809). When news and the discovery of gold in California came in 1849, Joshua D. and his brother, Charles C. (born about 1808) set out by wagon train across the Plains to Sacramento. In separate companies, but sometimes traveling together on the trail, were their first cousins, all sons of Solomon; namely, Israel (born 1809), Solomon (born 1812) and Charles (born 1816). Later Jacob, son of Jacob D., and brother of Joshua D., of 1849 Diary fame, followed. Charles C. (son of Jacob D., the brother of Joshua D. and Jacob) was later to make California Gold Field history when he found and lost the famous Lost Breyfogle Gold Mine in or near Death Valley, which, as Flora Breyfogle Grumman notes "is still searched for".

The three brothers, Joshua D., Jacob and especially Charles C., left their mark on gold mining tradition of the West. This was not so much true of Joshua D., but he did leave a vivid and picturesque diary of his 1849 trip by wagon train from Missouri to the California gold fields. Now, the trip is two days by rail and only hours by jet plane, but horse and manpower were the only means of locomotion in those days. It took Joshua D. and his companions (which included his cousin Israel, my great grandfather, born in 1809) from April 12, 1849 to August 11, 1849 to complete the journey to the gold diggings in California. They traveled by boat from Cincinnati to St. Louis, and then either by boat or overland to St. Joseph, Missouri, where they went into the great expanse of unsettled country (the great prairie, Joshua calls it) on April 25, 1849.

It is a temptation to review Joshua D.'s diary at length, especially his mental pictures of Indians, buffalo, wolves, etc., and also his short sojourn at Jim Bridger's fort and at Salt Lake City, in the Mormon country. These were points of relaxation in the midst of an often grim journey. However, all of this can be left for a complete reading of the Diary, which reflects the interesting and zestful personality of its author. No one but a vigorous person of considerable intelligence could have turned out such a chronicle. The original draft is on file at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. Writing ability seems to run in the Joshua D. family. His son, Joshua D. wrote a very interesting Civil War Diary, and his great grandson, William Arthur Breyfogle deceased 1958) wrote several hundred top flight short stories and three books. More will be said of William Arthur later. For the present, if the reader can find a copy of the Joshua D. Breyfogle diary, he will have before him an interesting picture of the 1849 days.

Joshua D. Breyfogle does not mention his brothers and cousins in his diary, as much as we would have liked. He does tell how my great grandfather, Israel, his first cousing born 1809, (See Diary, Page 25) went to work on February 27, 1850 on building a mill at about $100 per week, a terrific sum in those days. (This was Sutter's mill, where gold was first discovered). This corresponds with our family tradition, and explains how my great grandfather did cash in on the 1849 Gold Rush in spite of the fact that he himself found little gold.

Joshua D. does not devote much space to his younger brother, Charles C. (born about 1808), the man who found and lost the famous "Lost Breyfogle Gold Mine", but he does mention him in several places in the Diary; namely, on Page 30, July 4, 1850, when Charles served on a judge's jury in a stabbing case. Incidentally, Charles appears to have been the type of man who frequently served on committees or presided at meetings. Thus refuting the tradition that he was a rough customer, whose only avocation was gold and silver prospecting.

Another Diary entry on Charles C. is on Page 31, Dec. 7, 1850, which records the fact that he left for San Jose "for the purpose of farming with his brother-in-law Henion". (San Jose, California is only a short distance southwest of San Francisco.) It appears that he must finally have settled in adjoining, Alameda County, just north, because four years later, in 1854, he was Assessor of the county. On September 2, 1856, he was elected County Treasurer, and on August 17, 1859, a shortage in accounts in his office was discovered. Charles C. Breyfogle was tried and convicted, but when Leland Stanford (he endowed Stanford University) was elected Governor in November, 1861, a delegation from the county appeared before him, asking for the freedom of Charles C. Breyfogle. This group included the majority of the jurymen by whom he was convicted, the judge and the prosecuting attorney. It seems that another in the office had been the real offender, and Breyfogle, guilty only of careless management, was freed. We are taking this information from the book "Lost Mines of Death Valley" by Harold O. Weight

which is obtainable from the Calico Press, Twentynine Palms, California. Price $2.00 postpaid. In this book are two chapters entitled "Breyfogle's Fabulous Gold" and "Breyfogle's Long Quest", and a third chapter with the heading "Breyfogle's and Their Strikes".

Charles C. Breyfogle was responsible for a new word in Western mining circles. "Breyfogling" became another word for prospecting, and is used about as much today.

Charles C. Breyfogle has probably made the Breyfogle name better known than has any one member of the family. This is particularly true in California, Nevada and Arizona. Continuous publicity for C. C. Breyfogle and his long, unsuccessful quest for the fabulously rich gold deposit he found and lost in 1864 still goes on and on. One sees it in print and hears it over the radio and television, and over the years a number of different verisons of the story have developed, none backed up by authoritative fact except that he found some wonderfully rich gold ore, and was never able to find it again. People are still searching for the Breyfogle gold. For example, when I was in Las Vegas, Nevada in 1958, the owner of the motel where we were staying proved to be one of these, and oddly enough he apparently believed he could eventually find the Breyfogle gold. He knew the whole story down to the personal appearance of Ash Meadows Charlie, the 250-pound Plaute Indian chief, who is said to have clubbed Breyfogle.

It would require pages to tell the whole story, and it is better for those who are intrigued by it to read the Calico Press book, the price of which is $2.00 postpaid. Mr. Weight has spent hundreds of hours trying to sift Breyfogle story fact from fiction. He was partially able to do this by reading the file copies of old mining area newspapers of the period. It seems that after Charles C. Breyfogle was exonerated in the Alameda County shortage, he left California and went to Nevada to follow the then-active silver discovery excitement. He ended up in Austin, Nevada, where he promoted and sold stock in mines, and later ran a hotel, but the boom eventually played out. In 1864, he went on to prospect in the Death Valley area. As the story goes on his first trip, his party was attacked by Indians, and only he survived. Weeks later a rancher over a hundred miles away, named Wilson, found him wandering in Big Smoky Valley, not far from Round Mountain, nearly naked, and his hair and beard matted. He had a bandanna handkerchief filled with golden ore.

Charles C. Breyfogle was many weeks recovering from his ordeal, and when he headed a party to find the scene of his discovery, the country looked strange, and he could not locate it. This was the beginning of a long search for the lost gold, which went on for years. A number of people had seen the ore, and could testify to its rechness, so that in the earlier years of the search, at least, it was possible to get competent backing. Yet, the location continued to elude the searchers. There have been several rich gold mines discovered by others as a result of Breyfogle's search

(as it covered many years), but prospectors are inclined to believe that the "Lost Breyfogle", as it is called, has never been found.

Many of the popular stories have it that Breyfogle was killed on one of his expeditions, but this is not true. He survived all of them, but where and how he died is not known. He did have two more narrow escapes, in addition to the first one, that are recorded by contemporary newspaper accounts. For example, in June 1865, he was found by a wagon train with two shots in his body and half scalped, but he recovered from this. He was also shot in the leg by Indians in February 1867, but came out of this. It is known that he continued prospecting at least until August 1869, when he and other prospectors found silver near Eureka, Nevada. The fact that he presided at the miners meeting, which organized the Secret Canyon Mining District, is proof that, as often reported, his mind was not affected by his many injuries and desert sufferings. He was about 61 years old in 1869.

It is regrettable that some of the family did not leave a written story of its perhaps most widely-known member. Flora Breyfogle Grumman helped. She definitely identified Charles C. Breyfogle, the brother of Joshua D., as the man who found and lost the "Lost Breyfogle Gold Mine", and Harold O. Weight's search of old newspaper files confirmed this, as per quotations in his book, "Lost Mines of Death Valley". Previous to Mr. Weight's research, some of the stories of the lost mine gave Jacob Breyfogle, Charles C.'s younger brother, as its discoverer. Apparently there was more than pure imagination behind this, and fortunately we have been able to throw some light on this conflicting report.

Jacob Breyfogle was a younger brother of Joshua D. and Charles C., both of whom went West in 1849. In fact, Charles C. was the third oldest and Jacob the sixth of a large family. He did not participate in the original California gold rush, but stayed in the East, where he ran a blacksmith shop. About 1851 or 1852, his cousin Charles (born 1816), son of Solomon Breyfogle (born 1780), stopped to visit him on his way from California. Charles had come home by ship around Cape Horn, with an actual $20,000 in gold, and on his way to his home in Columbus, Ohio, visited all of the relatives he could enroute. James C. Breyfogle (born 1896) of Columbus, Ohio, grandson of Charles, tells the story: When "Big Jake", as he was called, heard the story and saw the money his cousin had brought back, he quit his blacksmithing business, and headed for California, saying that if anyone could get that much money out there, he was going to try it.

The only family evidence we have on Jacob's mining career in California comes from a letter written by William R. Breyfogle (born 1868 and now deceased) to Dane Coolidge, author of "Death Valley Prospectors", and reproduced in his book. We quote this letter in full:

> "The Breyfogle family originally came from Berlin, Germany, on one of the first vessels from that country, arriving about the time of the Mayflower. They settled in Pennsylvania and had the spelling of their name changed from Breivogel to Breyfogle. They wished

to be recognized as Americans, I think. Jacob's grandfather my great-grandfather, lived to be over a hundred. He was born, lived and died in the same house in Pennsylvania, and had fourteen sons. He attended to all his business affairs up to within a very short time of his death.

"In regard to the name of Mr. Breyfogle, the old miner, I think it was Louis Jacob, but could not be positive, it is so long since my father told me about him. My father, William O. Breyfogle, and this cousin came across the plains from Ohio together with an ox-train in the early fifties. They landed in Portland, Oregon, and walked to San Francisco. In a few years my father went into the lumber business. His cousin got the gold fever and my father staked him. In 1864, he found this mine in Death Valley. He brought back a large specimen of solid gold. Father told me it weighed eighteen ounces.

"I was born in San Francisco, July sixth, 1868, and Mother told me of her giving him money to go on his last journey, in 1868, after my birth. He returned to Salt Lake City, and took a crew of men and started out with them, equipped to develop the mine. After getting into the Valley they lost their bearings, and his crew deserted him, but he continued on for several days and finally found the spring which gave him his bearings, and he found the mine again. He returned to the spring to camp for the night. He was surrounded by Indians and was shot by them with a poisoned arrow.

"The Indians disappeared, leaving him to die. After they had gone, he managed to get on his mule and started back to Salt Lake City. A few days after he got back to Salt Lake he died of blood poisoning. Though he had the best of medical treatment, it was of no avail.

"He left a map of the claim with my Father, so Father could carry on in case anything should happen to him. Father let another cousin have the map as they were going to try to relocate the claim, but he died and after his death we could not find the map.

"This is a brief outline of the facts as my Father told me and are the true facts as told me by both my Father and my Mother. My Father never mentioned anything about him having been captured and held by Indians. The facts as I have told you were written to my Father by Jacob's wife, from their home in Salt Lake City, where she and Jacob lived. He may have had some assistance from some Mormons in getting back to him home, as he was undoubtedly quite ill before he reached there."

We give this letter as a matter of interest. The information in the first paragraph, of course, is inaccurate, as we know from the Flora Breyfogle Grumman Genealogy, that Jacob's grandfather was George, who lived to be 80, instead of 100, and he had only three sons, but he probably did take care of his extensive business affairs up until the time of his death. The "fourteen sons" probably refers to the combined family of Solomon Breyfogle, son of George, Sr., who had 8 children, and his brother George, who married Solomon's widow, and had 6. George, Jr. did live to the age of 93, but he was Jacob's Uncle and not his grandfather.

We suppose it is possible that Jacob (born about 1814, and about 38 in 1852) did go to Portland, Oregon with William O. Breyfogle (1837-1906), who was William R.'s father, but William O. would have been only 15 years old at the time. We do know for sure that William O. Breyfogle did go to California and become a railroad builder there, and that his son, William R., was for many years a department store operator in Madera, California. Probably the story about Jacob and his lost gold mine is substantially true, but it was not the legendary "Lost Breyfogle Mine". This mine, we know, from Flora Breyfogle Grumman's Genealogy and the documental contemporary newspaper stories found and published by Harold O. Weight in his book "Lost Mines of Death Valley", was found and lost by Charles C. Breyfogle, an older brother of Jacob.

When we look at the two stories closely, we see that there is a difference. Charles C. found his mine and lost it forever. Jacob found his mine and never lost its location up until his death. Moreover, he left a map of his claim with his much-younger distant cousin, William O. Breyfogle.

The facts will never be known entirely, but two things are certain: First, Jacob was not the discoverer of the "Lost Breyfogle", and second, he was in the prospecting business and did find a mine. Whether it was a rich strike or not we do not know. That Jacob was on the mining scene is apparent from the stories that have been handed down during the last 100 years. These describe his appearance as a huge, bald-headed man, and call him "Big Jake" Breyfogle, originally a Pennsylvania blacksmith. Whether he ever got together with his older brother Charles C., we do not know, but none of the newspaper accounts describing Charles C.'s persistent searches mention Jacob. Flora Breyfogle Grumman, in her Genealogy, which was written about 1907, knew of him and the fact that he had no heirs, but said nothing about his mining career. Instead, she significantly identified Charles C. as the discoverer of the famous "Lost Breyfogle". It is all very confusing. It did get the "Lost Breyfogle Mine" story mixed for many years until Harold O. Weight found proof in old newspaper files that Charles C. was the discoverer.

It is curious that someone (either in the family, or out) did not put the story of the lost Breyfogle mine on paper but, lacking a contemporary historian, about all that is left are legends which grow distorted with the years, and in which fact and fancy are mixed. Charles C. and Jacob did make the name Breyfogle known in the West and, as previously emphasized, established "Breyfogling" as an accepted other word for prospecting.

From this point on, we know nothing about the descendants of the sons and daughters of Jacob D. Breyfogle (born about 1778) except those of his son Joshua D. of 1849 Diary fame. There were eight children of Jacob D., and we feel sure that there were a number of descendants, but we have no report of them, nor have we ever encountered any of them. Moreover, by this time, it is unlikely that any of them would have a record of their descent. We have been especially curious to know if Charles C., who found and lost the famous mine, left any children. His wife's name is listed by Flora Breyfogle Grumman as Hannah, and somewhere there may be descendants. One thing seems certain, and that is that we tend to underestimate the probably number of Breyfogles, all descendants of John Peter (who came to America in 1744).

Joshua D. Breyfogle of Diary fame (born 1808) had six children, as listed in the Genealogy. Two sons died of wounds received in the Civil War. Another, Joshua (born 1848), spent three years in the conflict, He enlisted as a mere boy in spite of parental objections. He managed to come back, and was the only boy left in the Joshua D. family to carry on the name. He wrote a very interesting Civil War Diary. He, in turn, had six children.

It is not our plan to carry this story any further than the family's fifth generation in America. However, one of Joshua D.'s great-grandsons had considerable success as an author. He was William Arthur Breyfogle (1905-1958) at Hanover, New Hampshire, the author of several hundred short stories in the Saturday Evening Post, Colliers and other top magazines. In the last few years before his untimely death, he produced three books:

(1) Wagon Wheels, a story of the National Toll Road, published by the American Book Co. & E. P. Dutton.

(2) Make Free, a story of the underground railway escape route of slavery days, published by J. B. Lippincott.

(3) Speak to the Earth, an exquisitely written account of his life and his thoughts, published after his death by the McMillan Company, New York.

Probably all of these books can be secured from your local public library or bought through your town bookstore. They are all three worth reading, especially "Speak to the Earth".

William Arthur Breyfogle was the youngest son of William R. Breyfogle (born 1872) and Mary Johnston Breyfogle. His father was an industrialist, born and raised in Ohio, but who lived in Toronto, Canada, where William A. grew up. William A. was a graduate of Dartmouth and a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford for two years. Also, he attended the University of Munich in Germany. His increasingly successful career was cut short in 1958 by an unusual incident. The sting of a bee on his lip caused the protein of the sting injection to go to the brain, and medical skill was of no avail.

Fatalities of this kind are not the usual result of insect stings, but do happen occasionally. (In fact, stings of bees, hornets, etc. cause more deaths in the United States, according to medical authorities, than does the venom of poisonous snakes.) William Arthur Breyfogle left his wife, Betty Hopwood Breyfogle, who now lives in Norwich, Vermont, and his mother and brother, Robert, who is representative of the First National City Bank of New York in London, England.

This ends our review of the descendants of Jacob D., the oldest son of George Sr. Probably those who are unknown to us outnumber many times those listed in the Genealogy. The descendants of this line, whom we do know, are vital and intelligent people, as you can judge by those individuals we have described. The listing of the names of all descendants (living and deceased) of Jacob D. belongs outside of this story, and must be left to some younger member of the family to catalog.

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VII. - Solomon Breyfogle (1780-1817 and His Story

We do not know anything of the life and descendants of George Breyfogle, Sr.'s two daughters - Catherine Breyfogle Gross and Esther Breyfogle Hinterleiter, except that Catherine is buried in the old Maxatawny Church Cemetery about five miles northeast of Kutztown, and that she died in 1881, aged 97 years. Esther is buried in Kutztown. She died in 1854, at the age of 78. There are probably dozens of descendants today of Catherine and Esther, all carrying a little of the John Peter Breyfogle blood, if we could just find and identify them. However, we do know from the Breyfogle Genealogy something about the descendants of Solomon Breyfogle and George Breyfogle, his younger brother. Since, we are covering the descendants of George Breyfogle, Sr. in chronological order, Solomon Breyfogle and his children will come second to Jacob D.

Solomon Breyfogle was born January 11, 1780 and died November 11, 1817 of a facial tumor at the comparatively early age of 37. He is buried in the churchyard of St. John's Reformed Church in Kutztown, next to his father, George Breyfogle, Sr. (1747-1827) and his mother Catherine Ely Breyfogle (1745-1819). The inscriptions on their tombstones are in German, which helps to confirm the family's probably Palatinate German origin.

Nothing direct has been handed down in the way of information on Solomon's appearance. However, my father's aunt, Mrs. Elmora Breyfogle Coe, (born 1844)(See Genealogy, Page 4, under Israel Breyfogle) showed me ink silhouette profiles of Solomon and George, his younger brother, about 1907 or 1908. I was not very interested in family history at that time, but I did examine the shadow profiles with some interest, and remember their appearance. Attempts in the past five years to locate these silhouettes have been fruitless, and they have apparently gone the way of almost all family genealogical data in the hands of an incurious succeeding generation.

However, in the silhouettes, Solomon gave the impression of being of medium height and sturdy build, while George, Jr. looked to be considerably taller, with noticeably large and handsome features. Incidentally, this goes along with family tradition that has survived through the years. Both were strong and powerful men. Solomon was what is called a plugger, who worked and played hard, but followed closely his responsibilities and obligations to his well-to-do father, while George worked hard also, (everyone had to in those days) he was as much of a playboy as the times permitted. A handsome fellow, who liked girls, but stayed single until he was about 37, something almost unheard of in those days. His eventual marriage is a story that has come down through the family, and will be told later. George (born 1782) lived until 1875, long enough to see his son and his grandson both become well-known and successful ministers of the gospel.

Solomon married Esther Peter (born 1782). The Peters came from Baden, Germany, just north of the Palatinate, about 1700, as compared to the John Peter Breyvogel's arrival in 1744. On pages 8 and 9 of the Flora Breyfogle Grumman Genealogy, there is an interesting story of the Peter family, and their early arrival in Berks County is attested by the fact that the Indians were still living there. Esther was of the fourth generation of the Peter family in America, her descent being through marriage of her grandfather and father with women of Palatine families. Both she and Solomon must have been dark in complexion because their children and grandchildren almost invariably were definitely so. A minor proportion of people of Palatine descent apparently were dark-complexioned. I have seen dozens of their descendants who were dark, and there are two notable examples that presently occur to me.

One of these was General John J. Pershing, U. S. Commander in World War I. His complexion earned him the sobriquet of "Black Jack". Commanders of the U. S. forces in both World Wars were of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, as Eisenhower's ancestors came from Dauphin County, in the Greater Pennsylvania Dutch area. His grandfather was Reverend Jacob Eisenhower, a Dunkard preacher. Incidentally, my father (Frank Lee Breyfogle, born 1861), the great-grandson of Solomon and Esther, was quite dark, and oddly, was almost a double in appearance to General Pershing. They were the same size, age, features and complexion. People who have been close to both of them report that the resemblance was unusual. Another well-known American personality, who was of Pennsylvania Dutch descent and very dark in complexion, was Clark Gable, the late actor.

Not many Pennsylvania Dutch are dark-complexioned. In fact, the darker ones seem to be distinctly in the great minority, but because the Breyfogle family was so dark, I have watched for this characteristic in people of similar blood. Oddly enough, they seem to be proportionately more numerous in the West and Middle West than in the Pennsylvania Dutch country itself. Was this type more adventurous than their lighter skinned countrymen? It is a fascinating subject. (In 1962, our guide at the Pennsylvania Farm Museum, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was very dark, and looked like the older Breyfogles. She was no relation, but said she traced her ancestry to the Palatinate.

Solomon must have been about 23 when he was married around 1803, and Esther was about 21. At that time George, Sr. was 56. George Sr. must have been living on the large Breyfogle farm at the time, but probably eventually moved into the village of Kutztown, which he helped found. We know that he had other property, and this must have taken a considerable amount of his time. However, if we can judge by the work habits of the Pennsylvania Dutch, both he and George, Jr. continued to work on the 305-acre Breyfogle farm, since he owned it until 1822, when he deeded a large part of it to George, Jr. It does seem logical to believe that Solomon and Esther must have been largely operating the place in 1809, when the date-stone bearing their names was placed on the older barn.

We know a little about the appearance and ways of Esther Peter Breyfogle. According to family tradition, she, like her ancestors, was active and vigorous. She must have been around five feet, 2 inches tall, with weight around 130, and full of vitality and strength. One of the traditions that has come down is that she could stand in a bushel basket and pick up a 100-pound sack of flour, and lift it to her shoulder without stepping out of the basket. She could run almost as fast as a man, and could work from Morning until night without noticeable fatigue. She had 14 children, and all of them, except one, seems to have lived to maturity, something almost unheard of in those days.

Esther and Solomon must have been a good pair. Both loved work and both loved fun. When my grandfather (Lewis W. Breyfogle, born 1836, See Genealogy, Page 4) made a trip about 1902 to Kutztown to find out what he could about the family, he ran into an old man who had heard of his grandfather. The old fellow told him that there wasn't a barn-raising, or other community effort, that was complete without Solomon Breyfogle. What a shame that other like comments about Solomon and Esther and George could not have been preserved and put on paper, or, that sixty years ago (around 1902) at the age of 13 or 14, I could not have been a precocious collector of family history. As it is, only a few traditions handed down by word of mouth survive, one of the most wide spread and persistent of which is Esther Peter's agility and strength.

Esther and Solomon lived together for about 14 years. Life was full and good. They had few luxuries, but there was plenty to eat, and they loved their home and work. Their parents on both sides took joy in their happy existence and in the lusty children that came along. The first was a girl, Magdalena (born 1805, See Genealogy, Page 3). After her came a procession of five boys: then, Catherine, who lived only three months, and lastly, the baby of the family, Charles (born 1816).

It must have been a stunning blow to the whole family when Solomon died in 1817, leaving seven fatherless children, the youngest 18 months and the oldest 12 years. George, Sr. probably active and vigorous at 70, apparently turned from grief to a pattern of action. He was aware of the bachelor status of his big, handsome son, George, Jr., still single at 35,

and undoubtedly began to wonder why he could not take his brother's place at the head of the young family. Tradition has it that there was quite a contest of wills. It was not because Esther was not attractive, but just that George, Jr. valued his single status so highly. As might be expected, George, Sr. won out, and they were married about two years after Solomon's death. They were due to have six children (five girls and one boy).

George and Esther continued to live on the big farm, most of which George Breyfogle, Sr. conveyed to them in 1822, five years before his death in 1827. They apparently lived on the place until 1849, when the land was sold to the Schaeffer family--164 acres, plus a fractional acre for the sum of $16,490.37. A second tract of 32 acres went to Jonathan Bieber for $3,116.00. Incidentally, this is at the rate of $100 per acre, and was an extremely high price for land in those days. We understand that the present price of land in that area, as of 1962, is about $600 per acre. The Breyfogles owned and developed the place from 1797 to 1849. The Schaeffers owned it from 1849 to about 1958, when Edward Zimmerman purchased it. It was the Breyfogles who built the present immense 50' x 80' two-level stone barn in 1831, which is still in daily use.

George, Jr. and Esther moved in 1849 from the old farm in Maxatawny Township to Oley Township, also in Berks County. We do not know how long they lived there, but eventually they went to Reading to live, apparently to be near their children. Or, since Esther died in 1860, George, Jr. might have retired from the farm at that time, at the age of 78, to live out his remaining 15 years in Reading.

Be this as it may, it will be apparent that George, Jr. took over his brother's family of six boys and one girl, and as previously outlined, then proceeded to have a family of his own of five girls and one boy. George, Jr.'s youngest child, Clarissa, was born in 1828, when George and Esther were each 46 years old.

At that time Magdalena, the oldest child of Solomon and Esther, was 23 years old. She had apparently not been married more than two or three years as her oldest child was born in 1828 also. What we are leading up to is that there was a period of about 8 years when George, Jr. had a big family of at least 12, practically all of the time. Of course, the oldest were big, strong, husky boys, and they could pay their way by working on his extensive farming operation. This they did, but the restlessness, characteristic of the family, soon caused them to go out and find a place for themselves in the world wherever it was possible. And this was what happened. We do not know the details, but one by one the six sons of Solomon and Esther went westward to seek their fortunes. Initially, they seemed to have gone to Ohio, and from there they went on, some of them to more distant places. For example, three of them went to California in the 1849 Gold Rush. One of these, Solomon, Jr., never returned, and a fourth, Daniel, died on the trail to California in 1852. Further details are given in the section that follows.

VII. - The Children and Grandchildren of Solomon and Esther

When I say I will write what I know about the descendants of Solomon and Esther, it means just that. There is so much that I do not know that my story will be necessarily a poorly-balanced one and, moreover, I am not doing justice to many interesting and gifted members of the family. Also, as previously mentioned, I will have to limit myself to the fourth and fifth generations, except in a few special cases, because my knowledge of the generations since that time would be still more fragmentary and poorly balanced. Therefore, I leave the rest of the task to younger members of the family with a strong liking for genealogical research. Finally, much of what I have to say is simply an enlargement on the Flora Breyfogle ~~Grumman~~ Genealogy.

The oldest child of Solomon and Esther was Magdalena (1805-1876). She married a man by the name of Yoder, a fairly common Pennsylvania Dutch name. I have known Yoders in Kansas and in Pennsylvania, and probably some of them were related to me. Magdalena had twelve children, all named in the Genealogy, but with no further descent data, so what is written down is all we know of this branch of the family. Incidentally, in passing, it will be noted that, contrary to the usually long Breyfogle life span, Magdalena's children all died at early ages.

The oldest son of Solomon and Esther was George Peter Breyfogle (born November 24, 1806 and died August 5, 1876). We know little about him, other than the information given in the Breyfogle Genealogy. It seems that he was the one who led the exodus of the Breyfogle brothers to Ohio, and particularly to Delaware, Ohio. Note that one of his sons, Clinton, died on the Santa Fe Trail in 1858, near Santa Fe, New Mexico, and was buried there. This emphasizes the pioneering spirit of the family. There were two sons of Solomon and Esther and this grandson, Clinton, who died either in California or on the trail, prior to the Civil War. Florence Strickler, a grandchild (born 1869) was well known as the long-time secretary to Deshler, the Ohio industrialist, after whom the Deshler Hotel in Columbus is named. As nearly as we can determine from the Genealogy, there is only one descendant of the George Peter Breyfogle branch, and that is John Cole, born on November 6, 1902. Around 1955, I tried to find him to ascertain whether or not he had any of the effects of Flora Breyfogle Grumman. (She left her entire estate to her cousins, the Stricklers). The impression that I got at the time was that he was living, but that no one knew where he was located.

~~The descendants~~ of Daniel Breyfogle (1808-1852) second son of Solomon and Esther. I happen to know more about. The story of the death of Daniel and his wife and daughter on the overland trail to California is given in the Genealogy. I had known of this before I was aware that the Genealogy existed. This is because one of Daniel's three boys, who survived, Charles (born 1836) was the same age as my grandfather, his first cousin, and in later years Charles used to visit his Kansas relatives. It was there that

I saw him when I was a small boy. The 1852 tragedy occurred near St. Joseph, Missouri, in what is now Kansas, but was then "Indian Territory". From what I understand, the boys were taken by travelers going East, where (according to a son of Charles, name Oscar Breyfogle (1870-1958) they finally reached Delaware, Ohio, where they were reared to manhood by Reuben Breyfogle (born 1811), their uncle. One of these boys, Daniel Gaby Breyfogle (1842-1907), apparently lived in West Pullman, Illinois, and probably was associated with his brother Charles in his extensive farming and market-gardening business in the Chicago area. He may have died without issue, or he may have left descendants. The Genealogy is silent on this.

George Edwin Breyfogle (1844-1892), the youngest son of Daniel (born 1808) left some descendants, as shown in the Genealogy. He was not married until he was 33, and three of his children were born as late as from 1886 through 1889. These could still be living. We have never heard anything of them, but we know there are Breyfogles of unknown relationship in the Chicago area.

Charles Breyfogle (1836-1901) was, as previously mentioned, the oldest son of Daniel. He was a widely known market gardener, and had his main operation in the Crown Point, Indiana area, adjacent to Chicago. Even prior to 1900, he had his land irrigated and underdrained, and he employed a large number of people in his project. His sons carried on the work, we understand, including Oscar (1870-1958). In recent years, the Chicago metropolitan area has expanded to cover some, if not all, of their holdings. Charles Breyfogle died from the effects of stings from a hive of bees. Oddly, William Arthur Breyfogle, the author, died in 1958, of the same cause. I recall Charles as dark-complexioned with light eyebrows. It is my understanding that in other cases where the dark Breyfogle blood was crossed with blonde complexioned people, some of the offspring had this unusual appearance.

It will be noted from the Genealogy that Charles left plenty of descendants. We do not know how prolific the succeeding generations have been, but there must be a resulting substantial number of people of Breyfogle blood from this branch. The only descendant of Charles I ever knew personally was Oscar (1870-1958). The Genealogy lists six children for him up until about 1909, but he was married twice, and actually had seven by his first wife and one by his second. In 1954, he had 19 living grandchildren and 21 living great-grandchildren. How many of them bear the name of Breyfogle, I do not know. I know the name and address of one son of Oscar: Lawrence G. Breyfogle, who lives on a ranch near Morris, Manitoba, about 30 miles south of Winnipeg, in Canada. Oscar mentioned some of his children in a letter to me, and it appears that some will carry on the name of Breyfogle.

I never saw Oscar in person. I talked over the phone with him, and he wrote us several letters. When we went through Chicago in the summer, we always missed him because, in spite of his advanced age, he spent the mild weather season in Manitoba on his son's ranch. He even went up there the summer of 1958 (before he died) in spite of his 88 years. We went through

Chicago later in the year when he had returned home, but he was practically on his death bed with a heart condition, and we could not see him. He always said that he knew nothing more about the family other than what was in the Genealogy, and what he had already told us. However, we feel sure that personal contact would have brought out a few family anecdotes. For example, he had told his wife, Marguerite Farquarson Breyfogle (20 years his junior) about the physical accomplishments of Esther Breyfogle, his great grandmother. Incidentally, Mrs. Oscar Breyfogle still lives at 302 West 114th Street, Chicago 28, Illinois, so far as we know.

One more little anecdote before we leave the subject of Daniel Breyfogle and his descendants: Mrs. Sadie Breyfogle Ayleworth, a descendant of second-generation Jacob, knew Oscar and one of his brothers. She said Oscar did not look like a Breyfogle, but his brother was dark-complexioned, and she was drawn to him because he resembled her family. This shows how the characteristic Breyfogle appearance persisted in two separated branches of the family from the second through the fifth generations.

Israel Breyfogle, the third son of Solomon and Esther, was born on July 10, 1809, and died on January 25, 1873. He married Elizabeth Trout in about 1831 in Berks County, Pennsylvania. She was born August 10, 1809 and died August 7, 1891. Israel was my great-grandfather, and naturally, I know a great deal more about his branch of the family than any other. It seems that he stayed in Berks County until at least 1834, as I have seen and copied a part of his old account book. He was engaged in part-time farming, and did woodworking on the side. He made everything in wood for the simple requirements of the times--from cradles to caskets. Approximately one hundred accounts are shown in his ledger, with lists of what he made for each account, and what he received in return. Often he was paid in services and goods, wholly or partially, in place of cash. It is going a little out of the way to cover all of this, but we cannot forbear copying perhaps the most complete individual customer account:

"Daniel Levan April 11, 1832

Dr.		Cr.	
1-High Post Bedstead	$ 8.00		
1-Dining Table	7.00		
1-Breakfast Table	4.50		
1-Bureau	28.00		
1-Kitchen Cupboard	20.00		
1-Clothes Closet	22.00		
1-High Post Bedstead	7.00		
1-Dough Tray	3.00		
Total	$99.50	By Cash	$99.50"

This was relatively a large order, and the average bill was less than half this amount. Incidentally, Daniel Levan ran a grist mill about three

miles from the Breyfogle farm. He was of French Hugenot descent, and relatively well off. His home and mill were still standing and in use as late as 1957 or 1958, when a disastrous fire destroyed them. The old mill was being used for a widely-known restaurant of the better class and a museum of Pennsylvania Dutch antiques. We had dinner there in 1955, and probably looked at a piece or two that my great-grandfather had made.

We do not know when Israel and Elizabeth went from Berks County, Pennsylvania and settled in Delaware, Ohio, but judging from the entries in his account book, it must have been some time in 1833 or 1834. Probably his oldest brother, George Peter, was still in Delaware. At any rate, Israel remained there to raise his family. We do not know what line of work he followed, but believe it was woodworking and carpentry, with trading mixed in. Much of Ohio was in virgin forest at that time, and we have heard that he bought land and cleared it with axe and saw, the only method they had in those days.

In 1849, when he was 40 and his oldest son, my grandfather, was 13 years old, he went overland to California in the famous Gold Rush. Apparently he traveled in the same company with his first cousin Joshua D. Breyfogle, who wrote the Breyfogle 1849 Diary. Also, from mention in this same diary, Joshua's younger brother was along, Charles C. Breyfogle, the man who found and lost the famous "Lost Breyfogle Mine". Entries in the Diary mentioning Israel are shown June 16, 1849, July 18, 1849; August 13, 1849 and February 12, 1850. On this last date, he has an entry which says "Israel Breyfogle went to work on at about $100 per week".

This corresponds with tradition in our family to the effect that he helped finish Sutter's Mill in Sacramento, where gold was first discovered in California, and Jacob Sutter lost all his employees to the gold fields. There is family tradition that the company with whom Israel traveled to California largely died of cholera, or were killed and scalped by Indians, and that the three survivors of the party, including Israel, were saved from death by thirst by the Boone brothers, descendants of Daniel Boone. We will never know the complete story, but we do know that he must have accumulated a substantial amount of money from working on Sutter's Mill "at about $100 per week", or about $1.30 per hour. Such labor in the eastern part of United States was paid about 10¢ per hour at the time, and that he reached home, probably in 1851, with a good portion of what he had earned. He returned home by ship from San Francisco to Panama, walked across the Isthmus, and took a boat to New York. His return was a great relief to his family, as they had despaired of ever seeing him again.

We do not know much about Israel's subsequent life until the early 1860's. We know that my grandfather spent some time at Ohio Wesleyan University in Delaware, so Israel's money must have made living for the family a little easier. By about 1862, my grandfather, Lewis W. Breyfogle (1836-1907) had developed a growing farm operation, and his father, Israel, and his brother Israel, Jr. (born 1838) were associated with him in the project. Israel, Jr. was at that time a Union soldier in the Civil War. Apparently, Israel's California gold rush money was still in the family, and being put to productive use.

The unexpected frequently changes the course of future life. In 1865, my grandmother (born 1839), the wife of Lewis W. Breyfogle, and their small son both died suddenly of an intestinal virus disease. My grandfather's diary ends there, and after about three years it starts again in Johnson County, Kansas. John W. Breyfogle, Sr. (born 1872) says the Breyfogles came to Kansas from Delaware, Ohio in 1866. The whole family came: Israel, Sr. and his wife; Israel, Jr. and his wife, and Mora (born 1844) and her husband, John Coe, a Civil War veteran. They bought land and lived for a while in what is now downtown Kansas City, Missouri, and later they purchased rich Shawnee Indian farmland within what is now the fast-growing suburban Johnson County, Kansas city of Overland Park. There, for about 40 years, until shortly after the turn of the century, the three children of Israel lived on their separate farms and raised their families.

Israel, Sr. was not fated to long enjoy his new home in Kansas. In January 1873, at the age of 64, he contracted pneumonia and died. He was a tremendous worker, and became exposed when cutting wood in the dead of winter. There seems to be no photographs of him. However, to his last days, he was a strong man, with lots of determined energy. My father described him "as strong as a bull" and told of the distances he walked on occasion. He must have looked like the picture of his younger brother, Reuben (born 1811), a little above medium height, with broad and thick, sloping shoulders.

The descendants of Israel and shown in the Genealogy, with the family of Lewis W. Breyfogle (1836-1907) given separately. Israel, Jr., Israel's second son, was an extensive farmer, and raised a brilliant and successful family, of which John W. (born 1872) still remains active and successful in business at the age of 90 years. Israel, Jr., unfortunately, contracted asthma in the Civil War, and was badly handicapped so far as hard physical work and restful sleep were concerned in his later years. Mora (born 1844) lived out a full and useful life until 1914. As my "beloved Aunt Mora", she was the best cook I ever knew, and loved to feast small boys. Her daughter, Nora Coe Parks (born 1880) is still enjoying life at 83.

My grandfather, Lewis W. Breyfogle (1836-1907) succumbed to osteomolitis, an infection of the hip bone. Modern medical science could have dured this, but there were no antibiotics in those days. He carried on extensive farming and banking operations, and found time to spend several terms in the Kansas State Senate, where he held the important post of Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. In his younger days, before the railroads were built, he operated wagon trains, freighting goods across the plains from Westport (now part of Kansas City, Missouri) to Santa Fe, New Mexico. It is tempting to tell of some of his frontier experiences. Pioneering seems to have been born into the Breyfogles (even my father, Frank L. (1861-1940) participated in the Alaskan Gold Rush, as his grandfather did before him in 1849 in California), but my branch of the family has already been given a disportionate amount of attention. There is one more thing I like to remember about my grandfather that was probably common

to the early members of the family. This was his insatiable thirst for knowledge. To the end of his life, he kept abreast of the times, and read himself to sleep every night (except the last few years) by the light of an old-fashioned coal oil lamp. It is tempting to describe the home life and habits of my grandfather. It was typical Pennsylvania Dutch living and thrift. As a boy, it gave me the happiest period of my life. However, this all lies outside of the scope of this outline, and in a general way, has already been partially ocvered under the description of Pennsylvania Dutch life.

Reuben Breyfogle (1811-1883) and his branch of the family are quite fully described in the Genealogy. As previously mentioned, we have a picture of Reuben and his bride, Rebecca Osman, at the time of their wedding in 1831. As before mentioned, he looks as if he had a powerful body and shoulders, like all of the sons of Solomon and Esther. My knowledge of Reuben is meager. He did not participate in the 1849 California Gold Rush, as did his brothers Israel and Charles, but seems to have stayed in Delaware, except for a brief stay in Kansas, the dates of which we do not know. As previously mentioned, he did raise the three orphaned sons of his brother Daniel, who died in 1852 on the trail to California.

Reuben had nine children, and must have left a substantial number of descendants. We know only of the four who are listed in the Genealogy. Esther Rebecca (1835-1904) lived in Kansas City, Missouri, and I used to see her when I was a boy. She was dark in complexion, and resembled her cousins of my family. (This brings to mind that when George G. Breyfogle (born 1902) of Mondamin, Iowa, showed me a picture of his older sister, the granddaughter of Solomon Breyfogle, Jr. (1812-1852), she looked as if she could be Esther Rebecca, who was the daughter of Reuben, Solomon's brother. Thus the strong resemblance persisted through the family branches.

William O. Breyfogle (1837-1906), son of Reuben, went to California some time in the 1850's, and had quite a career there as a railroad contractor and business man. He has already been discussed in the quoted letter of his son, William R. Breyfogle (born 1868) in connection with the identity of the Breyfogle who found and lost the famous "Lost Breyfogle Mine". William O. Breyfogle was known as the railroad builder, and is given mention in contemporary history of California. We have no specific references.

He apparently moved to Madera, California in the central inland part of the state, as it was there that he, or perhaps his son, William R., established a substantial mercantile business. My brother, Beecher F. Breyfogle (born 1891) and I saw their sign when passing through the town in 1909. William R., the son (born 1868) must have carried the business on for many years. According to the Genealogy, he had some sisters living in California, and I have a faint recollection of some of the family back East knowing of them. William R. left at least one son, Osman Breyfogle, who lives in or near San Mateo, California, in the San Francisco area. Not too long ago his home address was 819 Arange Ave., San Carlos, California, and he is an

interior decorator, with a studio probably in San Mateo. I saw a copy of a letter from him, of which I have no date. In it, he was trying to trace his ancestry, believing he descended from Israel, my great-grandfather. It is plain to see, however, from the Genealogy that he is descended from Reuben. Note that his given name, Osman, comes from his great-grandmother, whose name was Rebecca Osman. In concluding what I know about the descendants of William O., son of Reuben, it must be remarked that if one would go the length and breadth of California, looking in telephone directories, one might find a few Breyfogles listed, who are at present unknown to us. These might be from widely varying branches of the family, as we understand some of the line of Jacob, son of John Peter, went out there during the 1849 Gold Rush.

Henry S. Breyfogle (born 1839), son of Reuben and Rebecca, a Civil War veteran and brother of William O., stayed in the Delaware, Ohio area. He left a substantial number of descendants. One of them was Reuben, shown in the Genealogy as having died while "still young". I used to hear my father and Ernest Chase Breyfogle (1862) talk about this man. He was a man of tremendous strength, who once single-handedly took a man away from a mob which was intent on hanging him, and saved him, at least, from that immediate fate. A pioneer in the paper industry at an early age, he met his death by accidentally falling into a hot paper vat. Paul L. Breyfogle (born 1922) of Decatur, Illinois, a grand-nephew of this man, has given us the identification. We knew he was the man who died in the papermill accident, but we were not sure of his name.

According to the Genealogy, Henry S. Breyfogle had quite a number of sons and daughters. About most of these descent lines, we know nothing, but it is plain that there could be quite a number of descendants. We have a family tree of the descendants of Harmon (born 1865), son of Henry S., which was made up by Paul Breyfogle of Decatur, Illinois (born 1922), Harmon's grandson. Harmon's brother, Louis H. (1870-1956) I saw in Akron about 1924. Surprisingly, he was a big blonde man. Incidentally, he was a famous football player in his youth. Louis's wife, Flora, went to a great deal of trouble to give us information on the family, and supplied leads which might have been valuable had we been in position to travel extensively to follow them up. As of February 1963, she was in reasonably good health, in spite of being somewhere close to 90. She and Louis had no children.

Louis's younger brother, Herbert (1878-1943) we knew as a distinguished Kansas City, Missouri physician. He was an all-time Ohio Wesleyan University football hero, and was affectionately called "Herbie" Breyfogle. He left one son, Herbert, who is also a physician, specializing in psychiatry, whose present address in unknown to us. Note that two of Henry Breyfogle's (born 1839) daughters married brothers by the name of Beecher. We have heard of their descendants at times. One of the sons, Donald Breyfogle Beecher, is president of the Equitable Gas Company at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and I have talked with him on the phone.

Forest Breyfogle (born 1852) son of Reuben and Rebecca is the subject of an individual paragraph in the Genealogy. Fifty years ago we used to hear something of his activities in business in Louisville, Kentucky. He was associated in his enterprises with Fred Sherman Breyfogle (born 1867), the son of Charles Breyfogle (born 1816) of Columbus, Ohio. Note in the Genealogy that Forest's youngest son, Forest (born 1884) could still be living and may have male descendants to carry on the name.

Solomon Breyfogle (1812-1852) was the fifth son of Solomon and Esther, the short paragraph in the Genealogy does not specify much about his life, but his descendants say that he went to California during the 1849 Gold Rush and never returned. Since the date of his death is specifically given, Flora Breyfogle Grumman must have had access to family records on that point. We do not know when Solomon went to California, but apparently it was not with the wagon trains that took his brothers Israel and Charles and their cousins, Joshua D. and Charles C., in 1849.

The Genealogy entry on Solomon Breyfogle (born 1812) was just so much cold information until in 1956, I received a newspaper clipping from Mrs. Louis H. Breyfogle of Kalamazoo, Michigan. This showed a picture of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Breyfogle of Holstein, Iowa, consisting of Harold, aged 43, Mrs. Harold Breyfogle, 37, and 13 children, ranging from 11 months to 18 years of age. (7 boys and 6 girls. There were no twins.) We wrote the Harold Breyfogles, and received a reply from Mrs. Carl Breyfogle, wife of a brother of Harold. In this letter, she gave such information as she had about the Iowa branch of the family, along with the names of some of the members of the family who might furnish additional data.

It seems, as shown in the Genealogy, that Solomon's widow, Margaret, remarried after his death, and took the 4 children to Pringhar, in northwest Iowa (about 40 miles north of Cherokee, Iowa.). Some of the family are still in this town. They grew up there, married and established large families, in some cases, at least. There were two girls, as shown in the Genealogy, and Mrs. Carl Breyfogle says there were two boys (children of Solomon). One of these boys was William Milton Breyfogle, who was born in 1843 in Columbus, Ohio, and died in Pringhar, Iowa at the age of 90 years, in 1933. William Milton is reported to have raised a family of 7 children. One of these children was William A. Breyfogle, who, in 1956, lived in Storm Lake, and who had 13 children, of which Harold and Carl were members. In passing, it might be said that one can realize how many descendants William Milton Breyfogle must have, if all of them were as prolific as his son William and his grandson Harold.

William Milton Breyfogle had a younger brother, George (1849-1925). George was too young to be in the Civil War. William Milton, however, was a veteran of that conflict. We have no information on George's descendants, but probably there were a considerable number. Incidentally, Margaret Breyfogle Ochiltree (1851-1894) was one of the daughters of Solomon Breyfogle (born 1812), and was a sister of William Milton and George. We

have no information on her descendants, nor of her sister, Hettie. William Milton and Margaret are buried in the cemetery at Calumet, Iowa near Pringhar.

All of this meager but enlightening information adds up to the fact that there are dozens of Breyfogle descendants in Iowa, and they have spread to both nearby and far away states. In fact, they have been heard from as far away as California and Texas. It is to be hoped that someone in the family will take up where this present outline leaves off. If so, I believe they will find the members of the Iowa Breyfogles family-conscious and cooperative.

We have seen only the members of one branch of the Iowa Breyfogles. On January 31, 1958, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Breyfogle of Mondamin, Iowa called on us, as they were enroute to San Antonio, Texas. They had called on the Carl Breyfogles at Storm Lake, Iowa, where they were shown our letters and family data that we had sent in 1956. They were not acquainted with the Harold Breyfogles, but had heard of them, and especially of one or two of the daughters, who were well-known high school basketball players.

George G. Breyfogle is now about 60 years old, and with his sons, carries on an extensive farming operation on about 800 acres of Missouri River bottom land. Mrs. Breyfogle (Frances) and he travel widely. We had a nice visit with them in 1958, and in turn, have visited them in their home near Mondamin since that time.

We do not know whether George G. is a son of William Milton (born 1843) or George (born 1849). We presume that, as he did not know the grandchildren of William Milton, he must be the son of George (born 1849). Consider the aspects of this indicated life span. Solomon (born 1812) was 37 years old when his son George was born, while George (born 1849) was about 53 years of age when George G. (born 1902) was born. In other words, I am 73, and of the 7th generation, while George G. is 60, and of only the sixth generation. As has been emphasized in this outline, this is not an uncommon situation in the history of the Breyfogle family. George G. looks like a Breyfogle, and a picture of his oldest sister has, as previously mentioned, even a stronger family resemblance.

We leave the subject of the Iowa Breyfogles with reluctance. It is like opening an interesting book, reading only a few lines, and having to close it again. However, we have covered the fifth generation, which is as far as we had planned to go, except in special situations. We have in our files a copy of a rather complete letter from Iowa to Eva Breyfogle Lovelace of Denver, Colorado on Iowa Breyfogle family descent. We hope that this information, as well as other data of similar type is eventually organized and put on paper.

Charles Breyfogle (1816-1884) was the youngest child of Solomon and Esther. He was four years younger than his brother Solomon (born 1812) and if one looks under the heading of Solomon, Sr. (born 1780) in the Genealogy,

it will be noted that a daughter, Catherine, who lived three months, was in between. As one reads the Genealogy story of Charles Breyfogle and his descendants, it will be realized, from the careful and complete descriptions, that Flora Breyfogle Grumman was, indeed, the author.

We have heard the story of Charles Breyfogle's overland journey from the old Breyfogle farm near Kutztown to Columbus, Ohio when he was about 15 years old. It is a distance of about 475 miles. On present high-speed highways, it can be traveled in a day. However, before the railroads were built, it would require at least 25 days by horse power, and since Charles walked most of the way, it must have taken much longer. Dr. Edwin Breyfogle said a man in Columbus found him crying in front of his shop and took him in and gave him a job. At first, Charles followed the trade of a tailor, but he was naturally able and industrious, and he branched out into other things at an early age.

He married into the family of Colonel Cloud, who was a well-known military figure of that day, and there were born to the union twelve children. Charles carried on contracting and other enterprises in Columbus, but the lure of the discovery of gold in California was too much for him, so that, in 1849, he went to California by wagon train, and was one of the few to bring back a fortune, which amounted to $20,000, which would be equivalent of the buying power of over $100,000 today. We have only an anecdote or two about his experiences. One is that he returned by a long and hazardous journey around Cape Horn, South America. The other has been mentioned before, but it will be related again. As Charles journeyed back from the East Coast to Columbus (there were railroads by this time) he stopped to see his Pennsylvania relatives. One of these was a first cousin, a huge black-bearded blacksmith--Jacob Breyfogle, brother of Joshua D., who wrote the Breyfogle 1849 Diary, and Charles C., who found and lost the famous California "Lost Breyfogle Mine".

As James C. Breyfogle (born 1896), a grandson of Charles, tells the story, when Jacob saw the gold that Charles had brought back, he closed his blacksmith shop and set out for California, saying that if a man could make all that money out there, he was going there himself. Such an anecdote is typical of the small amount of information that has come down to us, and shows what children remember of the conversations of their elders. In another generation, unless put on paper and filed in a secure place, even this outline would be lost to future generations.

Charles Breyfogle apparently used his California gold to good advantage. As will be noted from the Genealogy, he educated his children to a degree unusual for the times, and he left each one of them a substantial amount of money and property. My father told of visiting him, probably in the late 70's or early 80's. At that time he was known as the "perpetual councilman from Columbus's fifth ward". He was carrying on a big contracting job at the time. I used to see a large photograph of Charles at his grandson's, Dr. Edwin W. (1885-1961), in Akron, Ohio. It was a clean-shaven likeness--

something unusual in those times. His was a full face, handsome and relaxed that somehow told one that here was an unusually able man. In our belated attempt to save a few details of the Breyfogle story, as already outlined, we have had some good fortune. In the matter of pictures, however, we had some bad luck. About 1954, thirty years after I first saw this picture, I wanted to photograph it so as to make it possible for others to see what the sons of Solomon and Esther looked like. To Dr. Edwin Breyfogle's intense distress, in his move to California from Akron, Ohio and back again, the carton containing this picture was lost in shipment. One, therefore, will have to take my word for it that based on this picture, most of the sons of Solomon and Esther must have been handsome and able-appearing men; at least, Charles was especially so.

The oldest child of Charles and Maltilda, his wife, was Charles Wesley (1841-1895). He had several children, and we are of the impression that some of their descendants are still living. Outside of what is in the Genealogy, we know little of Charles Wesley and his family. However, in our old family photograph album we had a picture of a dark-complexioned young man in a Civil War uniform, marked "Captain Charles Breyfogle". About 1953, correspondence with his nephew, Dr. Edwin Breyfogle (1885-1961) brought out the fact that this was a picture of Charles Wesley. He took the photograph with the intention of getting in touch with Charles Wesley's grandson, Ted McDonald, who at that time would have been in his 50's. According to Dr. Breyfogle, he had been president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of Canada.

Speaking of complexion, we know that Charles Wesley and Ernest Chase inherited the dark Breyfogle complexion in a strong way. We have also heard that Flora (born 1853) and Callie M. (born 1861) were very dark. We cannot forbear again emphasizing how the characteristic darkness of the Breyfogles persisted down through the various branches.

The third child of Charles (1816) was a girl, and died at the age of 3. However, the fourth child was William Lemartine Breyfogle (born 1848). William Lemartine was a physician for many years, and later went into business in Chicago and New York. He seems to have been a brilliant individual, who wrote at least one book, "Sense and Satire", copyright 1899, Rand, McNally & Company, Publishers, Chicago and New York. The illustrations in the book are by John Breyfogle, his son (born 1874). The book is dedicated to his granddaughter, Dorothy (born 1898). William Lemartine was 51 years old when the book was published, and his son John was 25. The book is written entirely in short rythmic passages, each under a separate heading; such as, "Hobbies", "Isolation", "Capital", etc. There are 257 pages, which give a good cross section of life and thought over seventy years ago, as well as an indication of the restless intelligence of the author. We have room for only one quotation, but this will give some idea of the never-dull content of the book:

"SUCCESS
The Product of Ambition

The wheel of fortune turns so fast,
The same conditions rarely last;--
If sound in body, sound in mind,
No greater wealth can India find."

This thought is certainly good today, as are many of the others, but some are "dated" so as to speak like the old-time 35-cent meal, and give an interesting picture of the late 19th Century. His son, John, was probably an amateur artist, although his sketches are good. The granddaughter, Dorothy (born 1898) we have been told, studies art in Europe when she was older, and became a professional artist of some repute. We do not believe she has any descendants.

Flora Breyfogle Grumman (born 1853), the fifth child of Charles and Maltilda, had the energy and determination (it took a great deal of both) to assemble and complete the Genealogy, but says nothing about herself. However, she had a long and distinguished career as an educator, and for some time was Dean of Women at Ohio State University. Apparently, she left no descendants. She was about 56 when she spent so much time and money on the Genealogy, which included a lot of research in Berks County, Pennsylvania. It was not easy in those days. We do not know the date of her death, but we think it was in the 1920's.

We know little about the sixth child of Charles and Maltilda, Dr. Edwin Solomon Breyfogle, born 1854, except that he was a practicing physician in San Franciscoin 1909, when my brother, Beecher F. Breyfogle (born (1891) and I (then in our teens) made a visit to that city. He was out of town at the time, but we saw the swank downtown hotel where he lived and his downtown office. Everyone seemed to know him, including our Chinatown guide, and he was known to be both successful and well-to-do. Apparently he left no des endants.

Neither d we know much about Frank Henry Breyfogle (born 1856), the seventh child of Charles and Maltilda, a successful business man of Cincinnati, Ohio. There were no descendants.

Callie M. (born 1861), the eighth child, we know a little more about. As outlined, she rose high in the educational field. She never married, and lived out her last years in Columbus, Ohio. John W. Breyfogle (born 1872) and his wife, visited her in 1937, when at 76, she was in good health. In 1944, I recall, she was reported to be failing. At that time she was 83, and she is believed to have passed away that year.

Ernest Chase Breyfogle (born 1862) was the ninth child of Charles and Maltilda. We knew him rather well, and also his wife and three children, the oldest of whom was Dr. Edwin W. Breyfogle (1885-1961). Unlike his brothers and sisters, who were all in business and the professions, Ernest

Chase Breyfogle wanted to be a farmer, even though city-born and bred. To assist him in this direction, Charles (born 1816), his father, sent him out to Johnson County, Kansas (just outside of Kansas City, Missouri) so he could learn the business under my grandfather, Lewis W. (1836-1907). It was there that his first child, Edwin W., was born in 1885, in the same house in which I was born in 1889, four and one-half years later. Ernest and his family shortly afterwards moved back to Ohio, and located in Pickaway County, Ohio, where he spent most of his life in the work he liked so well. Years later, he moved to Akron, Ohio, where I got to know him. Like most of the older generation, he was quite dark in complexion, and this was true of his children, including his daughter, Annette. James C., his youngest son, is still living in Columbus, Ohio, and although of the sixth generation, is only 67 years old.

Dr. Edwin W. Breyfogle had one son, Dr. Ernest Edwin Breyfogle, who has three boys to carry on the name of Charles' (born 1816) branch of the family. In spite of the family of ten children of Charles and Maltilda, these three boys are the only male descendants bearing the Breyfogle name. Ernest Chase Breyfogle was very family-conscious, and had I been interested in genealogical matters while in my 30's, I could have gotten more information from him. As it was, however, much of what he told me went in one ear and out the other. However, I retained a sufficient amount to explain the family descent to Louise Breyfogle Andrew when she began to look into family matters. Reference has already been made earlier in this outline to the help of Dr. Edwin W. Breyfogle in giving information vital to the story of the Breyfogles.

Fred Sherman Breyfogle (born 1867) was the tenth and youngest child of Charles and Maltilda. He was a very successful business man of the Louisville, Kentucky area, and had large interests, among which was the presidency, at one time of the Monon Railroad (running from Chicago to Indianapolis and Louisville). His second wife survived him, and lived at the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington, D. C. for many years. I talked with her in 1942. She knew little about the family. She was still living there, at an advanced age, in 1954, when Louise Breyfogle Andrew talked with her briefly by phone.

IX. - George Breyfogle, Jr. (1782-1875) and His Descendants

We have related how George, Jr. (born 1782) married Esther Peter Breyfogle (born 1782), his brother's widow, and they had six children, five girls and one boy. They lived on the old Breyfogle farm northeast of Kutztown. They lived there until 1849, when both were 67 years old, at which time they sold the farm and moved to another in Oley Township, Berks County. Their family was grown, and their youngest daughter, Clarissa, was 21 years of age, and just married. We know little of George and Esther's life other than is related in the Genealogy. They must have farmed extensively, because, in 1831, they built the immense 50' x 80' stone barn on the old farm, which is still in use. It may have also been George who built the race track of sea shells, described by the Schaeffers, who followed him in ownership of the farm.

The Genealogy will have to speak for itself so far as descendants of George and Esther are concerned. Generally speaking, there was a substantial number of descendants, but practically all of them are from the female lines, and therefore, do not bear the name of Breyfogle. In a study of the various descendants of George and Esther, it will be noted that they married into Pennsylvania Dutch families. This is in contract with the descendants of Solomon and Esther, most of whom went West and married into other racial strains. This was also true of their sons and daughters. Thus, the descendants of George and Esther were, and are today, largely of pure Pennsylvania Dutch stock, while the descendants of Solomon and Esther have had their Pennsylvania Dutch blood very much diluted. The two sets of children had fathers (Solomon and George) who were brothers, and had the same mother, and for all practical purposes (so far as blood is concerned) were the same as brothers and sisters. They should have looked alike, and probably did, but like the Solomon line, those who are living today have largely lost the dark eyes and skin of the Breyfogle early generations. This is because only a very small minority of present-day Pennsylvania Dutch are dark.

Although we know of very few of the descendants of George and Esther, we will review the sections of the Genealogy to see what information we can bring to light. Sylvia Breyfogle (1820-1905) was the oldest child, and she married a man with the good old Pennsylvania Dutch name of Kuser, and had lots of children and grandchildren. Charity Breyfogle (born 1821), and apparently still living in Reading as late as 1907) married into a Pennsylvania Dutch family by the name of Dunkel, and had only five children, but there was a number of grandchildren.

The third child of George and Esther (and the only boy in the family) was Seneca Breyfogle (1823-1884). He married into the Pennsylvania Dutch family of Ely. He had only the two children, one of whom was the Rev. Sylvanus Charles Breyfogle, who was a widely known churchman, and one of the four bishops of the Evangelical Association. Reverend Breyfogle's career is quite fully described under his name in the Genealogy sequence and also in the introduction. Seneca Breyfogle had one daughter, Ellen, who married James W. Miller (also Pennsylvania Dutch) and had nine children. We do not know too much about the Miller descendants. However, George, the oldest son, had two sons to carry on the Miller name, and we suppose that some of the other Miller children had descendants.

We met two members of the Miller family in 1962. These were Seneca Breyfogle Miller (born about 1888) and Grace (born about 1895). Incidentally, Grace's name should appear in the Genealogy instead of "a daughter who died in infancy". Both single and retired from their respective careers, Seneca and Grace live in a big house not far from the Berks County Historical Society building in Reading. Bishop Breyfogle's old home is scarcely a stone's throw away. Seneca, as he is called, spent his lifetime as a railway rate expert, living for years in the Palmer House in Chicago. He does not look his age. Neither does Grace, who recently retired from a teaching career in the Reading public schools. They are both lighter complexioned than the older generations of Breyfogles.

We had a pleasant visit with the Millers, after which Grace took us to the family burial plot to see the graves of George and Esther. While in their home, we saw photographs of Seneca Breyfogle (born 1823) and his son, Bishop Sylvanus Charles (born 1851). Curiously, Seneca (born 1823), and practically speaking, a full brother of the sons of Solomon and Esther, did not have the full face of some of his older half brothers. Seneca and Grace have little in the way of Breyfogle traditon, which we did not already know. They did tell of one of the older Breyfogles who, when up in years, used to make a habit of poking his cane through the isinglass of a coal stove and stuffing a five dollar bill through it. He lived with a daughter, who used to come running when she heard the sound of shattering isinglass. This could only be George, Sr. (1747-1827) or George, Jr. (1782-1875). George, Sr. is practically ruled out because in his day, it is believed that isinglass was not used on stoves. Since George, Jr. lived as a widower to the age of 93, it probably was he. He probably had the tendency toward restlessness that marks many of the older male members of the family today.

The Reverend Sylvanus Charles Breyfogle's (born 1851) life, as previously emphasized, is described at some length in the Genealogy. I do not have the date of his death, but I know that he was still preaching in 1924, and I heard of his living in Reading after that time, so it is probable he was still alive up until about 1930. I have a photograph of him that resembled my grandfather, Lewis W. Breyfogle (1836-1907). This would be natural, as he was, practically speaking, the equivalent of a first cousin. It is said that the Bishop, even in old age, had a broad back and wide shoulders, and carried himself like a very much younger man.

Bishop Breyfogle seems to have had six children. Two of these were boys, but unfortunately one of them, Charles Frederick, died unmarried, and the other, Frank Ely Breyfogle, had no children. This ended the Breyfogle name from the descendants of George, Jr. (1782-1875). The Bishop's daughter, Esther Kimmel, had a boy, and perhaps some of the other daughters had male descendants, but none of them, of course, carried the name of Breyfogle.

George and Esther had three additional daughters: Helen (1824-1904) Esther (1825-18[illegible]5), and Clarissa (1828-1888). Esther died unmarried, but Helen apparently lived in Saline County, Kansas, and probably there are people by the name of Stahl who still live in that vicinity. However, since they do not bear the Breyfogle name, they would be difficult to trace.

This ends the story of the descendants of George, Jr. It borders on the depressing for those who would like to see the Breyfogle name carried on into the future, but it is a typical story to anyone who traces the course of a family in that some branches tend to die out, and some show an expansive vitality. Also, there is a tendency for older families to limit their numbers to the point of race suicide. The Breyfogle family has not been free from this, and this is true also of Pennsylvania Dutch blood everywhere; or, for that matter, other good quality racial strains, as well.

Concluding Remarks

As has been before emphasized, this is not a complete history of the Breyfogle family through the fifth generation, but only what I myself know about it. It is presented as such on its merits. Continuing interest and research could conceivably enlarge on the information given, and it is hoped that some of the younger members of the family will do so. As for me, advancing age and rapid loss of eyesight make this my concluding effort, and any conscious study and research on my part are at an end. If, however, further significant information becomes available before this present outline is reproduced, it will be put under "Adenda".

ADENDA

About the Breivogels in this Country

It becomes apparent that there is a substantial number of "Breivogels" in this country. Eva Breyfogle Lovelace, Denver, Colorado advises that a John Breivogel moved from Germany to Boston, and died there in 1879. He must have had a number of children and grandchildren. One, for example, Daniel Breivogel, born October 10, 1839, in Hesse Darmstadt, came to America and settled in Boston when 14 years old. He married in this country and had 12 children.

We know there used to be a number of Breivogels in the New York City telephone directory. In 1960, there were two Breivogels living in or near Falmouth, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod. There is also a Milton Breivogel, who is a city official in the Greater Los Angeles Area. I, myself, have seen and talked with a Breivogel who formerly lived in Pittsburg, Kansas. At the time, however, I was not genealogy minded.

This mention of the related Breivogels is not an attempt to cover them in this outline, but to make the reader aware that not only has our family very distant relatives in Germany, but in the United States as well. Judging from letters received from them by Eva Breyfogle Lovelace, they seem to be fine, intelligent people. Anyone of the Breyfogle family who has read this outline, should be able to talk relationship with them, at least in a general way.

Adenda

Bishop Sylvanus Charles Breyfogle's Contribution to Family History

In the body of the outline, entitled "What I Know about the Breyfogle Family", there is a discussion of who was responsible for the Breyfogle Genealogy. We tried to make it clear, that while we have no written facts to go on, it finally becomes apparent that Bishop S. C. Breyfogle of Reading, Pennsylvania rescued the work done by Flora Breyfogle Grumman from oblivion by taking the data she had gathered, and adding to it, especially the beginning and ending sections, for the purpose of using it for a write-up in MONTGOMERY'S HISTORY OF BERKS COUNTY, published in 1909. Incidentally this work is found in most genealogical libraries.

This page in the adenda has been added because we feel that perhaps we did not sufficiently emphasize the vast credit that the family owes to Bishop S. C. Breyfogle for seeing that this information was preserved for future generations in Montgomery's book on Berks County. If he had not taken this action, all of this information would have been lost forever.

Adenda

Information on the Descent of the Allentown, Pennsylvania Bryfogles

What is the answer to the riddle of the descent of the Allentown, Pennsylvania Bryfogles? We have the descent of Mrs. Sadie Breyfogle Aylesworth of Hebron, Indiana, and she gives dates of birth in her descent from Jacob Breyfogle (1748-1840). These came from an old family Bible, which shows her grandfather's name as Daniel (born 1795).

The original data given by Mrs. Alice Bryfogle Green of Allentown, Pennsylvania gave no dates, but in a later letter she has given the birth and death dates found in the old cemetery at Indianland, a few miles from Allentown. We quote from Mrs. Green's letter:

"Here is the information Myra found in Indianland Cemetery. Daniel Bryfogle, born Nov. 20, 1801, married May 18, 1832 to Catherine Belfort, died Jan. 13, 1872, age 70 years. (Our great grandfather). Here are the following children:

Daniel B. (my grandfather) (Nov. 30, 1835 - Mar. 22, 1909)
Lewis B. (Nov. 22, 1852 - Mar. 26, 1931)
Hiram B. (June 5, 1850 - Sept. 15, 1873)
Solomon B. (his family we do not know)
Peter B. (Mrs. Morgan's grandfather) (born Jan. 18, 1827)
Catherine B. Fulmer (has a daughter 86 still living)
Susan Rhode burial at Slatington

"We could not locate grave of Jacob B. Evidently he is buried in Kutztown or surrounding country. I understand there are older churches than Kutztown.

"I have burial records of St. Paul's Church Graveyard and Cemetery. Records are from 1756 to Aug. 20 inclusive, Indianland. There are a number of Bryfogles listed, but none compare with our family tree, possibly cousins or distant relatives.

"Have a friend who is trying to locate a Record Book from the Kutztown Church where his parents attend. You see, so many of these old tombstones are destroyed when there is no one to care for them any more. Naturally, the graves are no longer marked. We found that to be the case of our ancestors - the markers are broken.

"In the event I find more information on Jacob B., I will let you know immediately. This is quite an experience to locate all these people.

"Trust this is the information you are looking for, wish we could get together again, possibly we could locate a few more. It is very difficult to get out of Allentown without a car. Transportation is miserable."

Adenda

Mrs. Green says that the founder of her line was Jacob, who lived in Berks County, Pennsylvania. According to Mrs. Sadie Breyfogle Alesworth, Jacob (1748-1840) had a son Daniel (born 1795), and this compares with Mrs. Green's grandfather Daniel, who was born in 1801. Apparently, these were two different men, and we suspect that in one case or the other, the father of one of these Daniel's was one of the other sons of John Peter, other than George and Jacob.

Where does the Daniel come in who bought 30 acres and 39 perches of land April 2, 1800, in Douglas Township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania? He sold this land April 29, 1828. Also, who was the Daniel Bryfogle who had a son Peter, born January 18, 1827? We know now that this was the Daniel named in Mrs. Green's letter as her great grandfather, and that he was the great grandfather of Mrs. Jennie Bryfogle Morgan, 1827 West Greenleaf, Allentown, Pennsylvania, who has the birth certificate of Peter, born in 1827, in her possession. Peter was her grandfather.

No categorical conclusions can be made on this. We know that George, Sr. and Jacob had an older brother, Peter (1746-1816), and he might have had a son Daniel, who would be about the probable age of the Daniel who bought the 30 acres and 39 perches from Daniel Zuber in Douglas Township, Montgomery County, April 2, 1800. Moreover, we suspect that there is a substantial number of Breyfogles (or Bryfogles) in the East about whom we know nothing.

The above data on the Allentown, Pennsylvania Bryfogles is given as of July 12, 1963. Since concluding the main part of the outline, entitled "What I Know about the Breyfogle Family", the writer has lost his sight to such an extent that he can no longer read or write. It is therefore, impossible for him to do any more research work, and these pages are put in the adenda simply to preserve the information that has been gathered, for the benefit of future family researchers.

We want to acknowledge, with deep appreciation, the effort and persistence shown by Mrs. Alice Bryfogle Green of Allentown, Pennsylvania and Mrs. Myra Bryfogle Miller of Palmerton, Pennsylvania in gathering information for the history outline. They were born Bryfogle, and have always had an active interest in family history.

Adenda

Light on a Mystery

Under the Section entitled, "III. John Peter Breyvogel Comes to the New World", there is an attempt to trace the family's original progenitor by the meager information afforded by occasional printed reports of the tax rolls. On toward the end of this Section, we mention the taxes paid by a certain "Widow Breifogel" in Rockland Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania in 1759.

We speculate on whether John Peter Breyvogel died before this date and this was his widow, and finally conclude that there must have been a mistake because John Peter's Will (See first paragraph, Genealogy) was probated on October 17, 1796.

Well, it now looks as if the "Widow Breifogel" mentioned in the tax rolls was really John Peter's widow, the mother of his children: Peter, Jacob, George and the others.

Through the efforts of Grace and Seneca Miller of Reading, Pennsylvania (whose mother was a sister of Bishop Breyfogle) we have secured a copy of the instrument mentioned above as "John Peter's Will", and find it to be a document closing up the estate of Peter Breyfogel, who therein is specified as the brother of Jacob Breyfogel, (whom we know to be the son of John Peter, and brother of George).

Evidently John Peter did die at some undetermined date before 1759 and his wife raised his family to majority until they became self-supporting. She probably lived to see the four boys march away to the Revolutionary War.

We do not know her name, but she is as much of a common ancestor to all of us as is John Peter himself. Undoubtedly John Peter and his wife are buried somewhere in Rockland Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania, and an intensive search by someone in the family might find their graves and records of where they lived.

We had in mind reproducing this legal instrument closing the estate of Peter Breyfogel, but the only significant part of it is that which positively identifies him as a brother of Jacob (1748-1840) and not as the original John Peter.

We did not find John Peter's Will, but we did clear up the mystery, which greatly bothered us, as to the identity of the "Widow Breifogel".

C O R R E C T I O N

On Pages 19 and 20, and in several other places in this section, Sadie Breyfogle Aylesworth's last name was inadvertently shortened due to omission of the letter "s". We are extremely sorry this happened.

THE BREYFOGEL GENEALOGY

Prepared by
Flora Breyfogle Grumman

(Preserved and Presented by)
(Bishop ~~Seneca C.~~ Breyfogle)
SYLVANUS CHARLES

(SECTION II)

Taken from a Volume II

"HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL ANNALS
OF
BERKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA
EMBRACING
A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE COUNTY AND A GENEALOGICAL
AND BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD OF REPRESENTATIVE FAMILIES"
COMPILED BY
MORTON L. MONTGOMERY
IN TWO VOLUMES, ILLUSTRATED
CHICAGO
J. H. BEERS & CO.
1909

Rev. Sylvanus Charles Breyfogel, D.D., S.S.D., one of the four bishops of the Evangelical Association is a member of an early settled Berks County family, and was born July 20, 1851, near Pleasantville, Oley township, son of Rev. Seneca and Sarah (Ely) Breyfogel.

The Breyfogel (sometimes Breyfogle and Breyvogel) family history has not been definitely traced beyong the shores of the New World. There are two traditions concerning the origin of the family - one giving the early home in France and the other in Holland. The general appearance of the family, with the dark complexion, black hair and eyes of the Latin races, gives great weight to the former, for the blue eyes and flaxen hair of the Dutch are noticeably lacking. The two traditions can be reconciled, however, and both, to a certain extent, be considered correct, as at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes many from France fled for refuge into Holland. Breyfogles living in Germany state that from Holland one branch went to America and one to Germany. Of the latter branch representatives are found in Goppingen and in Worms, and also one family in Westhofen. These families, however, on investigation, are unaware of any relationship with, or direct knowledge of, each other. Of the Westhofen Breyfogels was William Immanuel Breyvogel, who in 1843 was sent to Wisconsin as a Roman Catholic (the religion of this branch) missionary, and died there in January 1907.

(I) Among the passengers on the ship "Phoenix" from Rotterdam, William Wilson, master, qualified at Philadelphia October 20, 1744, was one John Peter Breyvogel, who must have been at that time over sixteen years of age, passengers under that age not being obliged to qualify. He had no family with him. On the Breyvogel farm near Kutztown was once the grave of Peter Breyvogel, marked by a headstone, but the land has been put under the plow, and the waving fields of grain cover the once hallowed spot. At the court house in Reading is the record of Jacob Breyvogel, administrator of Peter Breyvogel, June 17, 1789, by bond of George Breyvogel, filed October 17, 1796. As near as can be gleaned from early records the children of John Peter Breyvogel were: George, mentioned above, Peter, born December 5, 1746, who died December 7, 1819; Jacob, who had two children, Charles and Joshua; Solomon; and a daughter who married a Row. Some records indicate a son John in place of Solomon, but as there is nothing recorded other than the name he probably died young.

(II) George Breyvogel, son of John Peter, was born February 4, 1747, and died October 6, 1827. He married Catharine (Dreibelbeis) Ely, born December 5, 1745, died December 7, 1819. By her first husband Catharine had two children, a son and a daughter who both went West. To George and Catharine were born children as follows: Jacob D.; Solomon, born January 11, 1780, died November 11, 1817; George, born September 2, 1782, died May 5, 1875; Catharine, born October 20, 1784, m. Jacob Gross, and died October 21, 1881; Esther, m. Jacob Hinterleiter. George Breyvogel's will, made June 25, 1822, was probated October 26, 1827. He mentions his sons Jacob D. and George, gives L 350 to be divided equally among the children of his deceased son Solomon, gives L 500 to Daughter Catharine and L 373 to Daughter Esther.

(III) Jacob D. Breyvogel, son of George and Catharine, married Susanne Baldy, who for her second husband married a Sautenslager, a relative of her daughter's husband. They lived at Lockport, N. Y. To Jacob and Susanne Breyvogel were born: Catharine, who m. a Sautenslager (on May 18, 1901, he was still living, then over ninety years of age), and their daughter, Mrs. Cutler, lives at Waterloo, Iowa; Joshua D., born September 17, 1806; Charles, who went to California in 1849, and found and lost the "Breyfogel Mine", still searched for (his wife's name was Hannah); Mariah, m. to John Semmon; Harriet, who died unmarried; Jacob (no heirs); Josiah, formerly of Lockport, N. Y., who died in Chicago, and Lucas C., formerly of Lockport.

(IV) Joshua D. Breyvogel, son of Jacob D. and Susanne, was born at Lockport, N. Y., September 17, 1806, and moved to Delaware, Ohio. He died January 28, 1868. On July 28, 1838, he married Mary Reynolds, who made her home at No. 582 South Limestone St., Springfield, Ohio. Their children were Imogene, born May 6, 1839, died April 16, 1866; Roland C. born September 16, 1842, was a captain in the Union army in the Civil War, and died from the effect of wounds July 28, 1870; William D., born February 26, 1845, died April 30, 1865, from wounds received in the Civil War (he was thanked by General Hancock for conspicuous bravery at the battle of Gettysburg); Joshua, born May 12, 1848, is mentioned below: Arthur R. born June 11, 1849, died December 1, 1861; Mary R., born October 24, 1853, died January 16, 1907.

(V) Joshua Breyvogel, son of Joshua D., was born May 12, 1848. He served three years in the Civil War. On January 17, 1870 he married Mary E. Dixon, and they became the parents of Six children, namely: William R., born June 2, 1872, m. August 5, 1901, Mary E. Johnson, and has a son Robert, born October 21, 1903; Nellie, born April 3, 1875, m. June 19, 1901, Harry Cochran, and has a son, John A. born August 26, 1903; Alice, born in 1878, died in Kansas in 1879; Jessie R. was born January 31, 1880; Arthur, born February 5, 1883, lives at No. 77 York St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada; William also lives at No. 77 York St., Toronto.

(III) Solomon Breyfogel, son of George and Catharine, was born January 11, 1780, and died November 11, 1817. He married Esther Peter, born September 9, 1782, died March 26, 1860 and they lived near Kutztown. Their eight children were: Magdalena, born December 25, 1805, died July 31, 1876; George Peter, born November 24, 1806, died August 5, 1876; Daniel, born in February 1808,

died May 8, 1852; Israel was born July 10, 1809; Reuben, born March 2, 1811, died May 5, 1883; Solomon, born November 18, 1812, died June 15, 1852; Catharine (also spelled Catherine) born January 8, 1815, died aged three months; and Charles, born February 28, 1816, died December 22, 1884.

(IV) Magdalena Breyfogel, daughter of Solomon and Esther, was born December 25, 1805, and died July 31, 1876. She married a Yoder, and lived near Kutztown, Pa. She was the mother of twelve children, as follows: Solomon, born June 16, 1828, died September 5, 1871; Elizabeth, born November 10, 1829, m. a Sidler, and died April 17, 1884; Hester, born August 9, 1831, m. Amos Weidenheimer, and their son near Kutztown had three or four children; John P., was born February 8, 1833; George, March 30, 1834; Obediah, born October 4, 1835, died January 27, 1856; Mary Ann, born February 10, 1838, m. David Berk, and died February 4, 1860; Charity Ann was born October 24, 1839; Cyrus, born July 14, 1842, died July 17, 1843; Seneca, born November 30, 1843, died March 17, 1872; Catherine Alice, born August 16, 1845, died December 21, 1846; Hannah Matilda, born February 16, 1848, m. John Schrop, and died July 7, 1886.

(IV) George Peter Breyfogel, son of Solomon and Esther, born November 24, 1806, died August 5, 1876. In his youth he settled in Delaware, Ohio, and later went to Columbus, that state, where his death occurred, and his remains were interred in Green Lawn Cemetery. In September 1837, he married Sarah Zimmerman, born June 5, 1805, died November 6, 1884. They had these children: Mary, born September 1, 1838, died February 17, 1842; Clinton, born December 17, 1839, went West and died July 20, 1858 on the California trail, seventy five miles from Santa Fe and is buried there; Esther, born October 2, 1842, m. February 6, 1866, William Eaton, and died March 10, 1869, the mother of two children, Nellie B. (1867-1867) and Warren (October 5, 1868- January 27, 1869); Ellen, born December 29, 1843, died August 10, 1870; Margaret, born January 17, 1846, m. September 4, 1866, John Strickler, and died August 22, 1873, the mother of Lillian (born November 3, 1867, m. in June 1901, J. Wendel Cole, and has a son, John, born November 6, 1902), Florence M., (born January 11, 1869), Ellen May, (born September 16, 1870) and Clinton (born July 12, 1872, died July 8, 1878); Sarah was born March 8, 1848.

(IV) Daniel Breyfogel, son of Solomon and Esther, born February 1808, died May 8, 1852. On May 19, 1834, he married Theresa Gaby, born August 8, 1816, died May 8, 1852. In 1852 Daniel Breyfogel, his wife and four children started overland for California. When thirty miles from St. Joseph, Indian Territory, on the Fort Hall road, but three quarters of a mile from the Agency, Daniel and Theresa and their daughter Harried died the same day of cholera. They were buried on rising ground about one hundred yards from the road - Daniel and Theresa in one grave. Before he died, Daniel called his sons to him and told them to return to Ohio, which they did, and there they were cared for by relatives until able to support themselves. The children born to Daniel and Theresa were: Solomon, born March 22, 1835, lived but five hours; Charles, born July 4, 1836, died in 1901; Harriet, born August 28, 1838, died August 8, 1852; Orlando, born October 26, 1840, died December 15, 1840; Daniel Gaby, born April 11, 1842, died at West Pullman, Chicago, Illinois, March 31, 1907; George Edwin, born July 1, 1844, died March 14, 1892; Theresa Ann, born July 29, 1846, died July 26, 1847; William W., born

June 16, 1848, died August 17, 1849; and Sophie, born April 21, 1850 died July 21, 1851.

(V) Charles Breyfogel, son of Daniel and Theresa, was born July 4, 1836 and died in 1901. He lived near West Pullman, now a suburb of Chicago, Illinois, and was highly respected in the community. He was twice married. On August 31, 1862, he m. Elizabeth Susanne Cunningham, born September 4, 1839, died November 26, 1882. He m. (second) December 20, 1883, Helen S. Cunningham, born August 27, 1837. His children, all born to the first marriage, were: Harriet Helen, born July 3, 1863, m. a Cunningham, of West Pullman, and has two children; Louis Charles, born September 21, 1865, m. September 16, 1891, Mary Aabel, and has five children: Oscar Hugh, born February 16, 1870, m. September 16, 1893, Josie V. Peck, and has six children; Clara Edith, born June 2, 1874 (married).

(V) George Edwin Breyfogel, son of Daniel and Theresa, born June 1, 1844, died March 14, 1892. On March 4, 1877, he married Elizabeth Prob, born November 25, 1852. Their children were: Nellie J., born December 13, 1877, who died April 16, 1894; Cora A., born October 18, 1879; Hattie E., born December 31, 1881, who died December 22, 1886; William D., born December 26, 1883; Forest W. born February 4, 1886; Florence, born February 17, 1888, who died March 11, 1889; and Oscar P., born December 29, 1889.

(IV) Israel Breyfogel, son of Solomon and Esther, born July 10, 1809, located in Delaware, Ohio, in his youth, but later moved to Kansas City, Mo., or near there, where he died. He married Elizabeth Trout, and their children were: Amelia, born October 1, 1832, died March 17, 1840: Forest B., born August 17, 1834, died September 17, 1834; Lewis W., born September 17, 1836; died at Olathe, Kansas, April 2, 1907; Israel, born December 1, 1838, m. May 5, 1866, Mary Devanney, and had seven children, Louis D. (born February 6, 1867, married October 24, 1894, Mary A. Cross), Arthur D. (born January 29, 1871), John William (born December 21, 1872), Homer L. (born December 6, 1876), Elmer (born November 24, 1868, died December 23, 1869), Stella (born November 29, 1879, died December 9, 1879), and Mary Matilda, (born April 27, 1881); and Mora, born August 1, 1844, m. March 29, 1866, John Coe, of Olathe, Kansas, and has seven children, Walter Nathan (born July 28, 1877, deceased), Edith M. (born April 15, 1879), Mora E. (born October 25, 1880) Pearl M., (born August 29, 1882), Frank L. (born February 26, 1885, deceased), Emily R., (born February 26, 1885, deceased) and John W. (born July 27, 1887).

(V) Lewis W. Breyfogle, third child of Israel and Elizabeth, was born September 17, 1836, and died at Olathe, Kansas, April 2, 1907. He was a very highly respected man, and served a term in the Legislature. He accumulated considerable property. On March 25, 1860, he married (first) Elizabeth Shaw, born September 11, 1839, died in 1865. To this union were born three children, namely: Frank L., born February 17, 1861, m. February 16, 1888, Mamie Price, and they have two children, Lewis (born July 7, 1889) and Beecher (born October 6, 1891); Jessie, born May 13, 1862, m. August 25, 1886, L. Beecher Keifer, and has two children, Jean (born May 25, 1887) and Grace (born in 1890); and Lewis, born September 13, 1865, died August 19, 1867. On November 20, 1867, Lewis W. Breyfogle

m. (second) Laura Pennock, born June 8, 1848, and their six children were: William, born November 4, 1870, died October 13, 1871; Lizzie, born July 20, 1872, was killed at a railroad crossing July 6, 1894; Grace was born November 15, 1874; Warren, born January 15, 1877, lives on the old farm Near Olathe, Kansas; Charles, born January 3, 1879 and Helen F., born May 9, 1883, was killed with her sister at the railroad crossing, July 6, 1894.

(IV) Reuben Breyfogel, son of Solomon and Esther, born March 2, 1811, died May 5, 1883. He accompanied his brother to Delaware, Ohio, in his youth, and from there went to Kansas, later returning to Delaware, where he died. On August 7, 1831, he married Rebecca Osman,, and they became the parents of nine children, as follows: Amanda, born June 27, 1833, m. in September 1855, James Johnson, and had twelve children: Esther Rebecca, born in 1835, died June 4, 1904; William, born in 1837, died in California in December 1906; Henry S., born May 1, 1839, m. September 15, 1859, Mary Lettich; Reuben, died young; Frank, died about 1907 unmarried; Mary Ann, m. James Levan and their son Daniel has two children; Amelia M. was born December 15, 1846; Forest, December 22, 1852.

(V) Esther Rebecca Breyfogel, daughter of Reuben and Rebecca, born in 1835, married William Beedle, and died in Kansas City, June 4, 1904. Her children were: Willis and his wife Fanny, had one child, who died young; Charles Alfred, m. Erma Hering, and had three children, Pete, Fred, and Arthur; Harriet Matilda, m. Charles Yost, of Kansas City, Mo., and has five children: Joseph Slough: and Sarah Elizabeth.

(V) William Breyfogel, son of Reuben and Rebecca, born in 1837, died at his home in Madera, California, in December 1906. In March 1866, he m. Rebecca Croskey and their children were as follows: Nellie (living in San Jose, California); William; Lilly; and Olive.

(V) Forest Breyfogel, son of Reuben and Rebecca, born December 22, 1852, is connected with the Peerless Manufacturing Company, at Louisville, Ky., on April 27, 1875, he married Louise M. Miller, and their children were: Dora, born November 25, 1876, who m. July 6, 1897, Alfred Green, and had two children: Harry, born February 9, 1879, deceased; and Forest, born November 15, 1884.

(IV) Solomon Breyfogel, son of Solomon and Esther, born November 18, 1812, died June 15, 1852. He married Margaret Hagerman, who after his death married a Mr. Ochitree, and moved to Iowa, where she died. To Solomon and Margaret were born: Maggie, m. to Edgar M. Ochiltree of Primghar, O'Brien Co., Iowa; Hattie; and George.

(V) Henry S. Breyfogel, son of Reuben and Rebecca, was born May 1, 1839, and lived at Stratford, Delaware Co., Ohio. He m. September 15, 1859, Mary Lettich. They had children: John; Ella, born August 26, 1861, who m. November 7, 1881, H. W. Beecher, had two daughters, and lived in Delaware, Ohio; William; Harmon, born September 2, 1865, who m. October 26, 1887, Sadie Havens, and had two children; Reuben, who died young; Louis H. born February 21, 1870; Callie M., born May 19, 1873; Maggie, born November 6, 1875; and Herbert, born March 24, 1878, a physician in Kansas City, Mo.

(IV) Charles Breyfogel, youngest child of Solomon and Esther, was born February 28, 1816, and died December 22, 1884. At the age of sixteen he went to Columbus, Ohio, walking most of the way, and on his arrival there had but a few cents in his pocket. He was quiet and industrious, and became one of the honored and respected citizens of that place. On January 10, 1839, he married Matilda J. Cloud, born January 4, 1821, died March 14, 1893. Their children were: (1) Charles Wesley, born June 7, 1841, died February 27, 1895. He was a prominent physician in San Jose, California, was mayor of that city, and very prominent in the public life of the place. On October 4, 1866, he m. Olivia Mabry, who died in San Jose, October 17, 1896. They had children: Stella, born April 16, 1870, who m. April 15, 1896, in San Jose, Morton McDonald, of Columbus, Ohio, and has three sons, Edwin Charles, John Miller, and Roy Morton; Charles E., born December 21, 1875; and Vida F., born January 7, 1880. (") Esther Ann, born December 11, 1844, died July 7, 1845. (3) Sylphia Matilda, born March 8, 1846, died March 3, 1849. (4) William Lemartine, born April 4, 1848, became a physician in Louisville, Ky., and in twenty-five years of practice gained many honors in the profession. He then retired from practice and engaged in business in Chicago and New York. On May 31, 1870, he m. Zerelda Winstanley, and their son John, born October 23, 1874, m. October 12, 1897, Phoebe Peters, and has one child, Dorothy, born September 6, 1898. (5) Flora, born January 11, 1853, m. January 14, 1886, Davis J. Grumman. (6) Edwin Solomon, born June 10, 1854, is a successful physician in San Francisco, California. For twenty-three years he lived at the "Palace Hotel", and suffered heavy losses in the earthquake. On April 20, 1881, he m. (first) May Folger, who died February 7, 1885. On March 27, 1889, he m. (second) Sophie McPherson. (7) Frank Henry, born August 17, 1856, m. November 25, 1885, Alice Cable. He is a successful business man in Cincinnati, Ohio. (8) Callie M., born April 9, 1861, is a student of Semitic, studying at Chicago, Illinois, and Berlin, Germany. She has for some years been a teacher at Wellesley, Massachusetts. (9) Ernest Chase, born November 26, 1862, is a farmer, in Pickaway County, Ohio. On January 27, 1885, he m. Luella Jones, and their children are: Edwin W., born October 23, 1885; Annette, May 15, 1888; and James C., January 14, 1896. (10) Fred Sherman, born April 15, 1867, is a successful business man in Louisville, Ky. On September 14, 1892, he m. Harriet Newburg, who died September 3, 1908.

(III) George Breyfogle, son of George and Catherine, born September 2, 1782, died May 5, 1875. He was a farmer in Oley Township, but later removed to Reading, where his death occurred. He married Esther (Peter) Breyfogel, widow of his brother Solomon. To this union were born six children, as follows: Sylphia, born March 10, 1820, died May 13, 1905; Charity, born May 2, 1821, is mentioned below; Seneca, born February 18, 1823, died June 22, 1884; Helen, born December 30, 1824, died August 24, 1904; Esther, born April 14, 1825, died unmarried May 23, 1855; Clarissa, born May 5, 1828, is mentioned below. George Breyfogel's will, made November 27, 1867, was probated May 11, 1875.

(IV) Sylvia Breyfogel, daughter of George and Esther, was born March 10, 1820, and died May 13, 1905. On January 29, 1846, she married Joshua (or Daniel P.) Kuser, and their children were: Mary, born July 20, 1847, m. a Cook, and had eight children: Charity, born July 16, 1848, died October 8, 1894, m. John Faulkner, and had six children; George Peter, born February 26, 1850, had a large family; David Joshua was born August 26, 1851; Cornelius, born August 26, 1853, died November 18, 1892 the father of six children; Daniel S., born July 18, 1855, lived in Cleveland, Ohio, married a Steelkopf, and had a daughter, Irene.

(IV) Charity Breyfogel, daughter of George and Esther, born May 2, 1821, married December 25, 1842, John R. Dunkel (born March 10, 1819, died August 5, 1856), and lived at Reading. They had two children: (1)Thomas, born October 10, 1843, died January 14, 1894; he and his wife Susan had two children: Lilla, born March 18, 1866, m. Frank Geary, and has two children, Horace (born March 28, 1887) and Warren (born January 14, 1892); and John, born March 18, 1867, m. Mabel Mungel, and had two children, Helen (born October 31, 1891, died August 23, 1893) and Marion (born December 24, 1892). (2) Ella was born December 1, 1850.

(IV) Seneca Breyfogel, son of George and Esther was born February 18, 1823, and died June 22, 1884. He attended an academy in Kutztown, and obtained a good education. After leaving school he engaged in farming and then embarked in the coal business at Reading in which he was very successful, but believing he was called to the ministry, he gave up his business and prepared himself for that calling. He became identified with the Evangelical Association and his first charge was a circuit in eastern Pennsylvania. His ability as a speaker was marked, and in a comparatively short time he was called to larger charges, among those he filled being Morristown, Port Carbon, Tamaqua, and Easton. The results of his work were widespread, and he became a great power for good throughout his section of the state. He left a large estate. His will was made July 25, 1883, and probated June 27, 1884. On July 20, 1849, he married Sarah Ely, and their children were: Rev. Sylvanus Charles, born July 20, 1851; and Ellen, who m. James W. Miller, of Reading, and had nine children: Ralph, Howard (deceased), George, Helen, Beulah, Raymond Seneca, Harold, Edna, and a daughter that died in infancy.

(V) Rev. Sylvanus Charles Breyfogel, son of Seneca and Sarah, born July 20, 1851, attended the common schools of Reading, and then entered the Central Pennsylvania College, afterward taking up the study of theology. In February 1873, he was licensed to preach, and two years later was ordained a deacon. His elevation to the rank of elder took place in February 1877. The first charge to which he was assigned was Barnesville and Coaldale, in Schuylkill County, after which he was sent to Bath, Northampton, County, and later to Easton. His next assignment was in Philadelphia, from which city he came to Reading to take charge of Emmanuel (Evangelical) Church on Sixth Street. In 1886 he was elected presiding elder, serving both the Allentown and the Reading districts in that capacity, and at the same time holding the pastorate of Ebenezer Church on Ninth Street. These years of strenous and effective endeavor brought him prominence in the church and he was elected bishop, being one of the four in the United States, Europe, and Asia. He is a man of executive ability, an orator and a writer, possessed of rare power of judging human nature, of great self-control and of unfailing courtesy, and as a presiding officer he has few equals and no superiors. He was one of the presiding officers of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. During his incumbency he has traveled extensively, visiting Japan, Germany, Switzerland, and many other countries. He is a good linguist and lectures fluently in both German and English. In spite of the executive labors of his position, the Rev. Mr. Breyfogel has found time to continue his reading and study, and he is president of the Evangelical School of Theology, taking direct charge of the departments of Doctrine, Church Government, and Parliamentary Law, on all of which subjects he is an authority. He was general of the Evangelical Bible School, whose object is to stimulate the study of the Bible by the laity. A number of meritorious works have resulted from his literary labors, and among these may be mentioned the "Evangelical Landmarks", "The Policy of the Evangelical Association", and

"Great Sermons by Great Preachers". At one time he was the editor of the "Preachers Assistant", a monthly church publication; and he is one of the committee of three appointed by the Evangelical Association to control and superintend all publishing in connection with the Church. In 1901, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Otterbein University; and in 1909 the degree of Doctor of Laws from the Ohio Northern University. On May 8, 1877, Rev. Mr. Breyfogel was united in marriage with Miss Kate E. Boas, daughter of F. G. Boas of Reading. Their children are: Esther C., born February 21, 1878 (m. Rev. G. B. Kimmel, of Dayton, Ohio); Emily B., September 10, 1879; Miriam S., September 21, 1881, (m. Raymond Bowman); Frank Ely, October 2, 1885; Marguerite R., November 23, 1888; and Charles Frederick, March 24, 1901.

(IV) Helen Breyfogel, fourth child of George and Esther, born on December 30, 1824, died August 24, 1904, at New Cambria, Saline County, Kansas. She married Jesse Stahl, and their children are: Thomas, Horace, George, and Edgar.

(IV) Clarissa Breyfogel, daughter of George and Esther, born May 5, 1828, died September 5, 1888. On December 25, 1849, she married David Ely, and they lived near Reading. They had two children: Clinton, born May 22, 1851, m. Sarah Kleine, and had Arthur, George, David, Solomon, Etta, Annie, and Sallie; and Titus, born March 11, 1855, m. Isabelle Boyer, and had Victor, Clarence, and Leo.

This concludes the account of the Breyfogels as given.

Oscar H. Breyfogle

PETER FAMILY

RE: Breyfogel Genealogy

Peter. The Peter family to which Mrs. Esther (Peter) Breyfogel belonged is descended from Engle Peter, who about the year 1700, when religious persecution was rife in the old world, left his home in Baden, Germany and with his wife and son Abraham, the latter still in his teens, set sail for America, landing at Philadelphia. Though there are many families of the name in Germany, he is said to have been the first to come to America. Learning of a region about fifty miles northwest of Philadelphia where there was an abundance of fine oak timber growing along the banks of two small streams called Manathawian, Engle Peter and his family, with others, started for what is now Oley Township, Berks County, and after a journey of nearly a week they found the place; the two streams now are called Manatawny and Furnace Creeks. Several large Indian villages were found here, one of the largest being situated a little north of the place where the Moravian school now stands near the foot of Grand Hill. A large number of Indian relics have been found here. Engle Peter was soon on friendly terms with the Indians and they in turn were always kind to him and his. In appearance, Engle Peter was large and powerful, but he was supple as well as

strong. There were some good wrestlers among the Indians, but Mr. Peter could overthrow the best of them without difficulty, though he frequently allowed the Indians to throw him for policy's sake. Shortly after his arrival he built a one-story log house, 15 x 25 feet in dimensions. The foundation, which was removed about a half century ago by David T. Peter, of near Freidensburg, is said to have been the work of a first-class mason. Engle Peter had learned blacksmithing in the old country, and among those who accompanied him to Oley were two other blacksmiths, but their trades were of no use to them as they had no tools and no smithy, the nearest smithy being where Germantown now is. It was shortly after 1720 when they secured a few tools, and Engle Peter from that time on divided his time between farming and blacksmithing. He was an expert maker of cutlery.

Abraham Peter, son of Engle, worked the farm while his father cared for the smithy. In 1719 the Peter farm had but 150 acres, but subsequently Abraham took up several hundred acres more. In 1742, with the aid of other carpenters, Abraham commenced building a log house near his father's. The boards for floors and partitions were sawed by hand, and the roof was of tile. The house was two storied, 27 x 36 feet in dimensions, and it was finished before the end of the year. It was torn down in 1862 when the spacious stone house was erected, but some of the old flooring and partitions were used in the straw shed now on the farm. As soon as his house was done Abraham married a daughter of Samuel Hoch, of Oley, and they lived on the old farm, cultivating it jointly with Engle Peter until the latter's death, when Abraham became the sole owner.

Daniel Peter, son of Abraham, was born December 2, 1747, and died November 25, 1816. On December 24, 1776, he married Magdalena Romig, born September 10, 1750, died July 30, 1820. (Two dates are given for Daniel's death - November 25, 1816, and November 28, 1818). To Daniel and Magdalena were born children as follows: Marion, born October 8, 1777, died April 1809; Abraham, born February 23, 1779, died September 5, 1824; Catherine, born April 18, 1781, m. Deider Bachtel, and died in May 1832; Esther, born September 9, 1782, m. (first) Solomon Breyfogel and (second) his brother George Breyfogel, and died March 26, 1860; Susanne, born November 29, 1783, died March 18, 1844, m. Martin Yoder; Solomon, born December 12, 1790, succeeded to the farm, and died September 28, 1843, the father of four sons - Daniel, David Y. (who now owns the farm), Solomon, and Obediah.

THE DIARY OF JOSHUA D. BREYFOGLE, SR.
1849

SECTION III

DIARY OF J. D. BREYFOGLE, SR. COVERING HIS EXPERIENCES DURING HIS OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA DURING THE GOLD RUSH IN 1849

April 2nd, Monday, 1849: We left Delaware at 8 o'clock this morning passing through Belle Point, Pleasant Valley and Amity and arrived at West Jefferson; stopped at Mantels Hotel overnight, everything safe and in order.

April 3rd, Tuesday: Left Jefferson about seven o'clock and arrived at Xenia at six o'clock and put up at I. Gox's Tavern. Had a very hard drive to-day, one of our horses very sick. We overtook Columbus Company at this place. We leave together in the morning.

Wednesday, April 4th: Left Xenia this morning in a fine shower of rain which continued all day. Arrived at Mason in Warren County, Company pretty well soaked.

April 5th: Left Mason for Cincinnati and arrived about one o'clock and commenced loading on the boat. John Hancock got off about one o'clock for St. Louis. As we left, the East part of the City was in Flames. The Columbus Company and two or three others are on board with us.

April 6th: Arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, about two o'clock - walked down the canal to Shippensport where I saw the Giant James Porter - seven feet, 8 inches high, 38 years old, weighs one hundred and sixty. Our boat passed through the locks and left here about dark.

Saturday, 7th: All well on board. Getting rather tedious. The boys all well.

Sunday, 8th: We passed the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio this morning and are now running up the Mississippi. There is a good deal of drinking on board, but not in or among our men. Mr. McCollum of Columbus fell overboard today and was barely saved.

Monday 9th: Arrived at St. Louis, a large City, but as usual with old Spanish and French towns, the streets are very narrow and dirty. We remained till We nesday when we left with glad hearts as the cholera was increasing very fast. We arrived at St. Josephs on Monday and left the next morning for the upper ferry five miles and crossed to the Indian territory on Thursday, the 19th, and on Wednesday the 25th, left for the great prairie about noon of this day. In crossing Musqueto Creek No. 2 wagon was upset and broke the bows badly. Encamped on a small river about fifteen miles from St. Josephs, on Thursday, the 26th, crossed Wolf River at noon, found no camping ground and remained on the open prairie, nothing to eat but sea biscuits. It was a bitter cold night. 27th - started early hungry and cold. Made this day about twenty miles and encamped on a tributary of Wolf River. We have plenty of Small wild game. We saw two wolves to-day.

Saturday, 28th: Left the camp this morning, crossed the Nimehaw and encamped on a small stream in a beautiful spot, plenty of good grass for our horses and good water.

Sunday, 29th: Travelled over a fine wooded country with plenty of water, till about noon when we left both wood and water and encamped on the broad prairie, poor water and no grass. Passed several waggons to-day.

Monday, 30th April: We passed a terrible night, the wind blew a perfect hurricane towards day, tearing down our tents and scattering everything over the plains. We left in a hurry this morning and without regret as it was very cold and we killed three rattlesnakes in our camp; travelled about five miles and halted in a tolerable good spot. We spent this afternoon in repairing the broken waggon. Pleasant weather and good grass and water.

Tuesday, May 1st: Rather a rough morning for May, wind very high, whistling over our heads as if got up for our special benefit. Crossed the Big blue and now we are in the enemies country. We encamped about five miles from the river. The camp looks quite warlike to-night. The boys are all loading guns and pistols. There is a band of Pawnees near us and they may wish to borrow a horse, which we are not disposed to let them have. We are nearly the foremost and must stand the brunt, but we are well armed and ready for any emergency.

Wednesday, May 2nd: We left our first military encampment at 8 o'clock this morning and halted for noon in a small ravine to bait our team. We had quite a shower last night which makes it very pleasant travelling. The roads are fine, better than any roads I ever saw. We have pitched our tents on the prairie about twelve miles from our last ground. The day has been very windy and warm. The wind is still very high; otherwise pleasant. One of our waggon wheels gave way which we patched till we could get tin here.

May 3rd: Left encampment at 8 o'clock, crossing several rivers, the last the Little Sandy. Saw several but camped on Big Sandy. Wind north and very high. Here we found the first cactus.

Friday, 4th: Left Big Sandy in a high wind and very cold. Travelled about 20 miles and encamped on Little Blue where we will remain to repair one of our waggons. Weather still very cold. Remained all night. Good grass and water.

Saturday 5th: Repaired our waggon and left our camp at one o'clock P.M. Travelled up the Blue about 15 miles and not coming to timber, we encamped near a pond of water on the prairie and used Buffalo chips for the first time.

Sunday 6th: Left this morning without feeding and travelled about 18 miles and encamped again on the Little Blue in a beautiful spot, plenty of grass and excellent water.

Monday, May 7th: Left our tent this morning and struck across the prairie for Platte River. Nooned on the edge of a rain water pond, good grass for our horses. Left at one o'clock and after a hard drive, arrived at the river about sunset. Here we have the muddy thick water of the Missouri; a beautiful evening this. There is one thing very singular about the prairie - it is never dark, even without a star. We are encamped opposite two beautiful islands, one the nearest small, the other very large I believe is called Grand Island.

Tuesday, May 8th: Started this morning at half past seven, travelling over a splendid road and through the broad and beautiful valley of the Platte, bounded on one side by the river, the north side skirted by beautiful timber and on the opposite by very high and pictueresque bluffs. We arrived at Fort Kenney, afternoon here. We had an opportunity of sending letters to our friends. The officers are going to send a mail to the States in the morning and kindly offered to transmit any letters we wished to send and we stopped the team for time to write and travelled about seven or eight miles and pitched our tents near the river. Good grass. The wind north and blowing very hard. Stand a fair chance of a very rough night. Our boys brought in two large turtles and some ducks and maybe we did not feast. Night proved to be pleasant.

Wednesday, May 9th: Left camp this morning and moved ahead over a beautiful level bottom. Could see antelopes, deer and wolves scampering over the plains, but could not get a shot at them. They are very shy. We are now in the buffalo country and expect to see them every moment. Indians are very scarce in this region, in fact we have seen none since last Monday when there was some ten or twelve came in to the road in front of our waggons, full gallop. We stopped the teams and the boys were out with their guns, but they proved to be a poor shabby lot. They begged all they could. We gave them a little hard bread and left. We have had a fine day for travelling, light winds, at night cloudy and windy. Looked very much like storm, but blew over and became very - . The wolves were almost in our encampment.

Thursday, May 10th: Left camp this morning about seven. Fine pleasant morning. Our camp lay on the bank of the river which I should think was 2 miles wide and filled with small beautiful islands. Grass at this camp poor. There is but very few teams ahead of us. The valley is about one mile wide and there is several flocks of antelopes gamboling around me. The waggons are some distance behind coming up slowly and the antelopes seem to be wondering what it all means, but with all their surprise, they take care to keep out of reach of our rifles. The boys are continually on the watch for a chance at them. We had a very ludicrous alarm last night. J. Allen and S. Bedley went out of the camp after the sentinels were posted when E. Evans, wishing to try his mettle, crept after him

rapt in his buffalo robe wrong side out. Allen espied him and taking him for an Indian, made for the camp hollering for very life. The company just sat with their arms and in came Teddy crying to arms, Indians - get your rifles, and seizing his own and another, made for the supposed Indians, and behold it was one of his own men. He got well laughed at and even well scolded, and so the affair ended, Jeddediah owning up that he was badly scared. We are now nooning on the broad bottom. No wind and very hot. Some of the boys are out chasing antelopes. After two hours rest we pushed and reached a long reach in the river where we encamped for the night. Here we are in sight of the first buffalos. The boys are in fine spirits thinking to get some fresh meat. There is an Island opposite where we can see quite a drove of buffalo. We have had a fine day and prospects for a pleasant night. Tolerable good grass.

Friday, 11th: Travelled about 18 miles to-day and camped on the banks of the Platte in company with some Indian traders, on their return to the States, and we took the opportunity of writing to our friends. We had a fine chance after buffalo to-day, but failed in getting any - better luck next time. We have had a fine day, a slight sprinkle of rain, just enough to make it pleasant, fine night.

Saturday, 12th: This morning the traders offered to kill some buffalo for us if we would stay and assist in bringing it in. We did so and myself and A. Moses went with them into the hills and saw two buffalo and after two or three hours returned to the camp. The traders have not yet returned at noon. As soon as they get back we set out - four o'clock and no hunters yet, so we will remain where we are to-night and it will be a good thing for our horses as there is good grass. We have a fine breeze from the North, though not very cold. The whole length of the road as far as we can see each way is lined with waggons, mules, and oxen. There is three companies camped in sight and then several have passed and more coming, which makes quite a lively scene. I was in the hills to-day hunting and it beats all I ever saw of the wild and picturesque high, craggy peaks, deep ravines, beautiful vales filled with flowers of all kinds, and to complete the scene buffalo wild and rugged as the scenery itself, straggling through the vales and over the hills, and then the beautiful and playful antelope bounding over the hills and the prowling wolf loping along. Now and then the whizzing prairie hen, whizzing past. Altogether it completes a picture of the sublime and beautiful. Our hunters returned about 5 o'clock this afternoon and we have had a regular feast of good things. They brought in the meat of two large buffalo. Their meat is very fine and sweet. We got one to ourselves; to-morrow we make an early start.

Sunday, 13th: Left camp after an early breakfast, passing several companies. This is a real May morning, no wind, and very pleasant. Everything is still and quiet - not even a buffalo to be seen. I am alone on the wide prairie, the teams far behind. Not a single sound greets my ears, save now and then the twitter of some wild bird. It is awfully still. The river here is more than a mile wide and one of the men waded across without getting deeper than the waist and most of the way not over the knee. It seems to be made expressly for the buffalo and Indians. We

witnessed a fine chase after a buffalo by the company in the rear of us by horse and foot. We encamped near the river. Had quite a rain in the night, accompanied with high winds.

Monday, 14th: We left the river this morning and the road lay close to the Bluffs or Butes as the hunters call them, and is quite hilly. We are stopped to noon on a small run near the Bluffs. We had a chase after five buffaloes, but did not kill. We drove on about 3 hours and halted for the night, quite a rainy night, on the banks of the Platte.

Tuesday, 15th: Left camp and struck off the river over high rolling ground. We have a beautiful view of the country. The buffalo are swarming on the surrounding hills, but too far off for us. Stopped to noon on a small stream near the river. Continued on and halted near the river for the night, and a beautiful night it was. I came on the watch at one o'clock in the morning. It was raining and continued to rain until this morning.

Wednesday, 16th: Still raining. We are about starting, rain notwithstanding. This is the first wet night we have had since starting and it has the appearance of a gloomy wet day. Our fears of a bad day have been realized. It has rained nearly all day, altogether has been the most disagreeable day since we left home. We were all out of humour till we got dry and a good supper. Camped on the river, prospect of a cold windy night. Close to our camps is an Indian buried in the top of a tree.

Thursday, 17th: As I expected, we had a very disagreeable night. It rained the whole night and is still raining. The boys keep close to their waggons and tents. Astonishing what a difference there is in the temper of men in fair weather and foul. The Indians have buried one of themselves in the top of a tree near us. They first made a platform on the topmost boughs and then sewed up in a buffalo skin, the corpse is placed on the platform and lashed on with rawhides. It looks very singular. We left camp after a late breakfast and in about four or five miles travel met a crowd of Indians painted and dressed and equipped for war. They returned to the ford with us and by the time we got there, there was a hundred or two. We crossed the river, when we were stopped by their great Chief, Red Fish, who exacted toll or black-mail from us and the other trains. We gave him about half a bushel of corn. The others gave him more. There were two or three hundred of them around us, but were peaceable, perhaps on account of the guns and pistols hanging about the waggons. They are great beggars. Money they will not take in exchange for anything. Old clothes, sugar and coffee will buy anything. We bought some moccasins and left them. A great many of them followed us some distance and left us. We are encamped about three or five miles from the river and hope we won't be molested by them to-night. We go to bed without cooking. They are the Sioux Indians and on their way to fight the Pawnees. They are a fine looking sight.

Friday, May 18th: Left camp early this morning without breakfast after a rainy night, and it is still raining. Travelled over a beautiful high rolling prairie without the sign of a tree or bush in sight. As we neared Ash Hollow the ground became quite broken and very wild. Our road lay along a narrow ridge and in entering the Hollow we descended an almost perpendicular hill and entered a beautiful vale covered with fine grass and flowers of nearly every variety, the sides lined with fine ash trees, from which it takes its name. We camped near fine water and good grass for the horses; about noon and intend remaining till morning. We have a very fine heavy thunder shower rain from about four o'clock and is yet raining, sundown and continued raining accompanied with thunder and lightning the whole night.

Saturday, 19th: Left Ash Hollow this morning with much regret on account of its beauty and fragrance. It was covered with fine grass like a meadow interspersed with fragrant flowers which filled the air with perfume. The valley is about two or three miles in length and about 50 rods wide with a beautiful spring running in the center. When we left we struck the river immediately on leaving the hollow, the whole scenery is fine and grand. The flat between the mountains is about two miles wide, the river in the center occupying about half, leaving about half a mile on each side, the hills or mountains rising from two to five hundred feet, almost perpendicular on this the south side, and on one of the highest peaks I am writing this, the road just below my feet. The weather still not settled, cloudy with high winds, which has upset my ink stand, and I must stop for the present, about ten o'clock, drove to-day about 12 miles, encamped on the river bottom for the night. Had very hard wheeling through deep sand; good grass, weather windy.

Sunday, May 20th: Fine morning, commenced altering our waggons and repacking our provisions. It commenced blowing and raining about 3 o'clock and we closed out business in a hurry. The day closed with very high winds and heavy rain and continued till near morning, very cold - a more disagreeable night we have not seen.

Monday, 21st: This morning very cold and uncomfortable, everything wet. Got breakfast as well as we could and left camp. Travelled over a very bad road for about twenty miles and camped near the river, poor grass and river water quite thick. Our road to-day has been most of the time near the river on low sandy bottom which made it very heavy. We had a slight shower to-day, very cold and windy, sundown quite cold.

Tuesday, 22nd: Passed a very pleasant night. Left here this morning about seven, a lovely morning, but on account of the rains, have a piece of very bad road to go through. Have been looking all day for the Chimney Rock, but have not caught a glimpse of it yet. The boys were after antelopes this morning. They were quite plenty around us. We have passed a very wide low bottom this morning, water standing in pools all around us, which makes it bad for the teams. We crossed a fine stream of clear running water and stopped for noon. I left the waggons and went

ahead and am now writing on the prairie some four or five miles in advance, with the prospect of a fine drenching, as there are very black clouds in the west and thunder and lightning in their midst, but I have no resource, no shelter. Well my fears were fully realized. The storm burst upon me in the most terrific form. It was a real hail storm and I with nothing but shirt and pants on, the hail fell in perfect showers, pelting me most unmercifully. I made tracks for the waggons, not knowing there was anyone but myself out, when I came upon Lewis Nanney, stark naked, taking the hail most impatiently. He had taken his clothes off to take a natural shower bath when behold it turned to hail stones the size of walnuts. He was finely battered. I forgot my own troubles in the ludicrous appearance of Lewis. There he stood naked with his pants thrown over his shoulders, every part of his body showing marks of the hail; as soon as it stopped he put on his clothes and we moved for the waggons some three miles back. The company did not escape. It took all hands to hold the horses and some of them broke loose. This afternoon after the storm we came in sight of the courthouse and Chimney Rock. Encamped on a beautiful spot near the river about 20 miles from Chimney Rock, a cold rainy night.

Wednesday, 23rd; Left the camp about 10 o'clock in a cold north wind accompanied with rain, continued all day. We are now near the Rock and may camp there. Don't know, however, as the teams are some two miles back, encamped some five miles from the Rock in a low wet spot and poor grass, rained all night. It seems it will never stop raining. It has rained now 9 days every day.

Thursday, 24th May: Still raining. Left camp before the teams and reached the Rock half way up which I am now writing. It is a great curiosity about two hundred feet high. I ascended as high as it can be, I think about one hundred and fifty feet, and was very glad to get down, as it was very wet and slippery. It continued raining till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when it cleared off, and to-night the moon shines bright and looks like pleasant weather, which we have not had in two weeks. We are camped for the night near Scotts Bluffs. Near us there is the most beautiful scenery I ever saw yet.

Friday, 25th: Left camp about 8 o'clock, a fine cold morning, but clear, towards noon cloudy and slight cold shower, cleared again this afternoon. Camped to-night in a valley of Scotts Bluff, pleasant cool night. Here is a blacksmith shop kept by Mr. Noubeaudeau.

Saturday, 26th: Left camp this morning to cross the bluffs. Nooned about 10 miles from where we started, a very fine day so far. Just after we left our noon halt we were overhauled by a man from a company from Iowa that we left at our last camp after Doctor Barnes, three men of the company were drinking at the blacksmith shop fell out and one shot the other through the thigh when he in turn was shot through the body and

was supposed to be dying when the men left. Barnes did not go back and we have not heard how they got along. We travelled over a high rolling prairie, crossed Horse Creek and camped on the Platte about 25 miles from where we started this morning - pleasant evening except wind.

Sunday, 27th: Left camp this morning at seven o'clock, travelled about 12 miles and nooned in tolerable good grass and continued on to Laramie Fork opposite Fort Laramie, where we are encamped as the river is too high to cross. We have travelled over a fine high rolling prairie all day. We have had a beautiful warm day and bids fair to be a very fine night.

Monday, 28th: To-day we lay opposite the Fort lightening our loads. We sold one of our waggons for twenty dollars and several other articles equally low, but under the circumstances, we did pretty well for some of the Companies left their waggons on the road throwing lots of valuable articles, and we got something. We intend staying over to-day and going on with four waggons only. Beautiful weather to-day and a fine day.

Tuesday, May 29th: Left our camp at six o'clock and crossed Laramie Fork to the Fort where we stopped a few minutes and nooned about ten miles from our last camp. This afternoon passed the warm spring spoken of by Fremont. It is very clean but too warm to be good. We camped this afternoon about 20 miles from where we started on a very fine stream of water. To-day we are in full view of the Rocky Mountains. Very cold and windy and looks like a wet night.

Wednesday, 20th: Left camp this morning at seven. Our road lay directly through and over the Black Hills. The road is good but hilly. Nooned on Horse Shoe Creek about 20 miles from our starting. We have had Laramie Peak in plain sight all day and nearing it gradually. We have a very fine day and a beautiful evening.

Thursday, 31st: Left camp this morning at six o'clock and started right in to the hills. Here are the first bad roads since we left the Fort. We are now passing the peak and it looks grand. The teams are straining up the hills without much difficulty. This by far the most wild and singular part of our journey so far. By mounting one of the many high peaks, we can see for miles around and nothing but hills and hollows, or mountains and ravines. We nooned near a small stream with very poor grass for the stock. We have encamped on a beautiful mountain stream and the best grass we have had on the road. It has been a very fine day and bids fair to be a fine night. This has been a great day for us. Our boys were after buffaloes this forenoon and killed three and wounded the fourth. We are all in fine humour. Plenty of buffalo meat and fine weather. Nothing makes us feel better than to have plenty of good grass and water for our horses.

Friday, JUNE 1st: Left camp this morning at six o'clock, fine warm morning. We passed over a very rough and hilly road and very hard pulling for the horses. Stopped to noon at 12 o'clock on a very small stream, tolerable good grass, and expect to reach the Platte this afternoon. It is very warm. We drove about 22 miles and camped on Boisee Creek, a very pretty mountain stream; fine water and good grass. We have had a very hard day's drive to-day. It was up and down hill the whole day through. We are all very tired - a beautiful evening.

Saturday, June 2nd: Left camp at six o'clock, reaching the Platte about half past nine. Nooned on the bank of the Platte. Started afternoon expecting to reach the ferry, but were very much disappointed and camped again on the Platte after about 20 miles travel. We had a fine day and a beautiful evening.

Sunday, June 3rd: Left camp at half past six, travelled along the Platte till ten o'clock when we came to the ferry kept by a Mormon. He has a blacksmith shop here for the accommodation of emigrants. He charges two dollars for each waggon and we have to swim our horses over. We wanted to lay by to-day but there are so many trains close behind us that we dare not do it. We crossed the river and travelled up the right bank about seven miles where we are for the night. On the left bank of the river is a fine low range of mountains, the top covered with snow where we are some five miles. It has been very hot all day. We are now in the Crow country and have to watch our horses very close as they will steal them.

Monday, June 4th: Started this morning about half past six; very fine morning. Had 12 or 15 miles to go to water. Drove about 12 miles and came to a very fine spring and fine stream of water which we past without tasting, thinking it was poison. About two o'clock came to very poor water and was forced to put up with it. We nooned here and went about six miles and halted for the night. Good grass and water and sage to burn. The Indians are all around us. They robbed some packers of their mules after we left the camp at noon. They are very bold, but our boys are anxious to come in contact with them. I think they would leave as many horses as they took. It has been a very hot and sultry day till about noon when it commenced blowing a perfect gale and we expected another hail storm, but it blew over and we have a pleasant evening.

Tuesday, 5th: Night passed off quietly - no Indians heard from. Left camp at the usual hour, passed Willow Spring and we are now on Summit Hill, the summit between the north fork and sweet water. Here is a beautiful view of the surrounding country, mountains all around and clouds below them, rising gradually screening them from sight. Stopped to noon on Grease Wood Creek. No wood but sage, good water; sage is all the fuel we get now, and it is a very good substitute. It is quite large and burns very well. To-day we had a sight of a large band of buffaloes. Did not try to get any. We killed some large fowl to-day called sage hens. They are about the size of a small turkey. We do not know how good they are, but intend to try them this evening. We saw a great curiosity to-day, the

horned toad with a tail. The Indians are still prowling around us, watching an opportunity for plunder. We see them now and then on the neighboring hills, but they keep a safe distance. We have encamped on sweet water under the lee of the celebrated Independence Rock. We passed the noted and almost fabulous Saleratus Spring and Lake. We gathered some twenty or thirty pounds. It is as good as I ever saw at home. I could shovel up a waggon load in a very short time. Weather rather cool but otherwise pleasant.

Wednesday, 6th: This morning we passed close to the base of the rock, It is about 40 feet high and about 300 yards in length. It is entirely alone on a level plain and composed of gray granite. We crossed the sweet water one mile above the rock; good ford five miles from here. We came to the Devil's Gate where the river cuts through a narrow gorge of the mountain about 300 yards in length, the mountain on each side rising some four hundred feet perpendicular. We have halted to noon thirteen miles from our last camp in a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains on the south they are covered with snow nearly to their base, the valley clothed with a beautiful bed of grass. On the north side of the valley the mountain is one tremendous pile of rock without a particle of earth or green spot except some scattering stunted cedars. The mountains, according to Fremont, are from fifteen to two thousand feet high, the valley about five miles wide. This morning we saw ice floating down the river. It is quite cold. We have all worn our overcoats to-day. This afternoon has been very warm, slight sprinkle of hail and rain to-night very cold wind off the snow of the mountains. We camped again on the sweet water, plenty of good grass. Indians still looking about. The Company in front of us have had a brush with them, as we find by a notice left on the road side.

Thursday, 7th: Left camp this morning. Very cold. Travelled up the sweet water. Camped at noon in a gorge of the mountains near the river. Soon after dinner we had quite a rain and hail storm, cleared off about one o'clock and we proceeded on, left the river here and are travelling very deep loose sand, the heaviest road we have had. How long it will last I don't know, hope not long. Reached the river again and camped for the wind is blowing very cold off the snow capped mountain about two miles off. We have travelled about 20 miles to-day.

Friday, 8th: Fine cool morning. Left camp in the rear of two companies, one of five teams and one of nine. We had a very hard road this afternoon. Good hard roads, but hilly, this afternoon we are now encamped on the sweet water and to-morrow expect to reach the South Pass. We have had a fine view of the Wind River Mountains all day. They are completely covered with snow. Very pleasant evening. Good water and plenty of sage for wood. During the day we passed both trains and camped near Lewis' Company to-night.

Saturday, 9th: Left camp this morning at six o'clock and have been climbing up and up, and still going up. We are now sitting on the top of a very high mountain completely covered with rock, waiting for the waggons

which are crawling slowly up the mountain towards us. From here we can see the Wind River mountains north of us covered with snow. We descend from here into a valley and then mount again, I suppose till we get through the pass. We camped this evening on a small stream sixteen miles from the pass in the mountains. Near us was encamped Mr. Vasques, of Bridgers Fort. Several of our men bought poneys here and I rigged myself with a buckskin suit. The traders all have Indian wives. Quite a pleasant day and night.

Sunday, 10th: Left camp and passed through the mountains. Camped on Pacific Spring about five o'clock. Tolerable pleasant day, but very cold.

Monday, 11th: To-day travelled about 24 miles and camped on Sandy Creek.

Tuesday, 12th: Left camp this morning at six o'clock. Travelled over a very fine road twenty-five miles and camped on big Sandy. There are some seven of our men quite sick, myself among the rest. We have very cold weather.

Wednesday, 13th: Left camp this morning; advanced ten miles to Green River when we had to ferry over in our waggon beds two lashed together. We have got all our company and baggage over and in the morning we have to help another camp over, when we will be ready to leave. Beautiful weather all day and evening.

Thursday, 14th: We are busy this beautiful morning in getting over Lewis Company and we will soon be over and then away for the Mormons: afternoon, all safe over and about starting. Left here and camped on the river about six miles further down for the night. Had a fine camping ground and good grass. Very pleasant weather. Our boys caught the first salmon trout here. They are a beautiful fish.

Friday, 15th: Left camp this morning at six and stopped to noon on a ridge about nine miles from camp, good wild oats and barley, but no water; this afternoon passed Black Fork, did not cross, and reached Hams Fork (of Green River) and camped on the left bank, 3 rods wide and 3 feet deep. Came about 19 miles to-day. Good roads and very fine weather.

Saturday, 16th: Left camp this morning and travelled over a very heavy sand road over the hills. We travelled about 10 miles and camped on Black Fork to noon. Very fine weather, but nearly half of our company are sick with a sort of mountain disease which attacked us as soon as we crossed through the pass. The other companies are in the same predicament. I am just taking a relapse after being nearly well. This is a hard place to be sick. We have three in our waggon, three in No. 2, four in No. 3 and two or three in No. 4. This has been an unfortunate day for our men. We upset our waggon in the river and soaked everything in the waggon. We had Israel and Edleman sick in the waggon and both tumbled in to the river. We gathered up our loading and drove on about three miles and camped without water or fire.

Sunday, 17th: Started as soon as light this morning to get a place to dry our goods. We arrived at Bridgers Fort about ten o'clock and camped. I suppose we will remain here until morning.

Monday, 18th: Left camp this morning in good spirits. Our goods not so much injured as we supposed. I went over to the Fort and saw and conversed with Bridger. He is like all other trappers and traders, has Indian fashions and Indian wife, and could not live anywhere else. We travelled to-day over a singular country. The mountains all around us covered with snow and the hills close to us and all around us too up to the very snow itself is beautiful grass interspersed with fine flowers, cherries in full bloom and in fine every appearance of summer and winter at the same time and in the same place. We encamped about 26 miles from our last camp. Very cold this afternoon and quite a snow storm.

Tuesday, June 19th: Started this morning after a very cold night. This morning the stream near us is frozen fast. About nine o'clock crossed Bear Seven without much difficulty and nooned about four miles beyond. This afternoon we have been going down very steep hills and crossing most awful water courses and reached without accident about 22 miles from our last camp and stopped for the night in a very pretty valley, fine feed and not very good water. Another cold night. Otherwise pleasant. The men all getting better.

Wednesday, June 20th: Beautiful pleasant morning and we are about leaving camp at the usual hour. We reached our evening halt for the night near the Red Fork of Weber's Creek at the mouth of Echo Sun nineteen miles from our camp, this morning, we have had one of the hardest day's work since we have been on the road. We crossed the stream 19 times and had the worst crossing I ever saw, but the scenery nearly paid for all the labor. On the right hand side was lava Rocky Mountains from one to six hundred feet high, perfectly bare with the exception of a few stunted cedars, on the other (and the valley is only about one-quarter mile in width) one mountain equally high, but more regular and covered with the most beautiful coat of vegetation. The contrast was wild and singular. The echo is splendid; in speaking a quite long sentence you have it repeated distinctly some half dozen times, hence the name of the Creek. The valley on bottom of the creek is covered with the finest grass I ever saw, mixed with wild oats and wheat which our horses are luxuriating on to-night. To-night we caught the first speckled trout we have seen. They are a beautiful fish. We have had a very fine day and a pleasant night so far about ten o'clock.

Thursday, June 21st: Left camp this morning and in about two miles got another upset - soon righted and proceeded on to the crossing of the Red Fork which we forded without any difficulty and are now nooning in another valley similar to the one we left yesterday. This afternoon crossed a very high ridge and then descended into a ravine in which we crossed a very beautiful stream some ten times, and are now encamped on Kenyon Creek for the night. The day has been very fine and it has the appearance of a fine night, but cold.

Friday, 22nd: This has been one of the most laborious days we have had by far. We have been climbing mountains and crossing streams for about 12 hours, without unharnessing our horses. We are now encamped on Brown's Creek for the night. Our horses and ourselves nearly gave out. We are now in the Mormon country. We saw several Mormons cutting wood to-day on the mountain that we passed, to haul clear to the Mormon settlement. Deliver me from any such a country where they have to haul wood fifteen or twenty miles. We have had a pleasant day and evening.

Saturday, 23rd: To-day we had a very hard day of it, traveling down the Kenyon, crossed it nineteen times and very hard crossing at that. About four o'clock we came out on the Mormon Valley of the Great Salt Lake and pitched our tents among this singular people. They appear to be very destitute of everything but beef and vegetables, milk, butter, eggs and cheese, all of which they supplied us plentifully for a little tea and coffee or sugar. The women are generally pretty well dressed and appear to be happy and contented. They have a very large quantity of cattle and they are raising a very large crop of wheat, corn and potatoes. All they lack they say is groceries.

Sunday, 24th: To-day we attended church and heard quite a lengthy discourse on everything in general and nothing in particular. The City is laid out in ten-acre lots and subdivided into acre and a quarter lots, and each married man is entitled to one lot. They have generally small one story houses, built of unburnt brick. They have a fine warm spring near the City, so the water is more than blood heat. We still remain here.

Monday, 25th: Weather very fine. We are living on the fat of the land, such as milk, butter, cheese and eggs, We expect to leave here to-morrow.

Tuesday, 26th: This morning we left the great Mormon City for the California mountains. We have been treated with great kindness and hospitality as far as was in their power from their destitute condition. We recruited ourselves, and horses finely. We have good roads and very warm weather. We passed the Hot Springs three miles from the City. It is 128 degrees. We could not hold our hand in one instant. The Salt Lake with its mountain Islands is in plain sight on one side and snow covered mountains on the other, and we in the valley have the warmest kind of summer weather such as we have at home in July.

Wednesday, 27th: We camped last night at Mr. Hight's about twenty-two miles from the City. He is one of the Mormons. We left camp this morning and arrived about noon on Weber's Creek, and were till near dark crossing. We crossed in a waggon bed. The train that crossed yesterday lost a fine mule. We had good luck in crossing without an accident. We encamped here on the banks of the creek with several companies of emigrants. Fine night, but nearly eat up by the mosquitos.

Thursday, 28th: This morning we are getting some tires set to our waggons and will not get off till about noon. We get plenty of butter, cheese and milk from the Mormons. There is quite a settlement of them here. This is a singular country. The inhabitants live on their farms at the foot of the mountains some two or three thousand feet high and the tops of which are covered with snow the year round, while directly at the foot they have wheat, corn and all other vegetables growing in abundance and grass for their stock the year round without cutting and curing hay and their stock is always fat. It is a great country for a lazy man. Travelled about 8 miles the 28th.

Friday, 29th: We camped last night on a small stream close to the mountains. This morning very pleasant. I was taken with the cholera morbus night before last and it has run me down so that I can scarcely walk. We are in company with Captain Lewis' train of four waggons. We intend travelling through together. They are a very clever set of men. We have just pitched our tents on the banks of Bear River near where it empties into Salt Lake. We have to ferry it in the morning. We have travelled to-day 26 miles. Had a fine day and good roads.

Saturday, 30th: We have passed a horrid night of it. We were nearly eaten up by mosquitos. No sleep in camp by anyone. This morning left and arrived at the crossing of Bear River about ten o'clock - river very deep, about one hundred feet wide. We swam our horses and were ferried over by a Mormon in a small skiff after taking our waggons to pieces and taking out the loads and charged us two dollars and fifty cents a waggon. He made about fifty dollars to-day and only one hand. Very pleasant weather. Quite warm and troubled very much with mosquitos. We can see fine showers every day almost on the mountain near us, but they don't reach the valley where we are. We got ferried over by sundown and camped on the banks of the river. Had a very fine night. The crossing here is about twenty miles from where it empties into the Lake.

Sunday morning, 1st JULY: Left camp this morning and in about two miles reached a creek which was very bad to cross. Took us about two hours to cross We got over safely and continued on passing through a canyon or ravine winding through and over very high mountains and reached a small stream of brackish water where we pitched our tents which we had to make without a drop of water for our horses and without unharnessing thru the day. Had a very fine cool day and a very pleasant evening. One of our men, Edelman, has a very bad sprained foot. Otherwise all well. It looks a little like rain this evening. It will be quite a novelty as we have not felt rain for six weeks or more.

Monday, 2nd: Very fine cool morning. Left camp this morning on account of the water being so poor at four o'clock. Travelled over a very rocky and hilly road 12 miles without water. Stopped for breakfast at 9 o'clock on a fine spring branch. Remained till 12 o'clock. One of our horses stayed behind this morning and two or three of our boys have gone back after him. We are now on a new route. Not a man in company knows

anything about the road nor are there any directions or description of the route given by anyone so that we have to go by guess altogether. This afternoon travelled over some beautiful valleys and hills. We are surrounded by high mountains covered with snow. To-day we came in sight of Salt Lake again. We travelled about twenty five miles to-day. Camped on a muddy stream in the valley. We had a slight shower this afternoon. Otherwise pleasant; to-night very cold.

Tuesday, 3rd July: Left this morning about six o'clock. Traveling over a perfect sage desert with very little water. We are nooning on the side of a mountain which we have to cross or go around, don't know which. This afternoon travelled over a very rough road without water till six o'clock, when we encamped on a beautiful stream of cold water pouring down out of the mountains at the foot of which we encamped. Fine cool day and pleasant night. Travelled to-day about 28 miles.

Wednesday, 4th: To-day the morning was ushered in by the boys in firing guns according to custom, and it seemed strange that so many of us that have spent so many Julys together at home should all be out here in the centre of the great unexplored basin of the West, for we are now travelling on a part that man, except Mormons, never trod before. This is a beautiful morning. We travelled through a very picturesque country and camped for the night near the junction of the Fort Hall road, Had a fine day and beautiful night.

Thursday, 5th: Left camp this morning, about six, and are now on the Fort Hall road with about one hundred and fifty waggons ahead of us and a host close behind us. This is a splendid road. Charles Breyfogle and Price just came into camp. Their company is a little ahead of us. They took the Fort Hall road and gained on us by our lying still this afternoon. We camped together and intend travelling together from this out, Fine weather; travelled about twenty miles.

Friday, 6th: Left camp this morning and have had a very rough road so far. We are nooning on Rattlesnake Creek, Columbus Company and us all mixed together, travelled over a very rough road and ascending all day; camped on very poor grass and very little water after about twenty-five miles travel; fine pleasant day and night.

Saturday, 7th: Left our camp this morning very early to find grass and travelled some fifteen miles before we came to grass when we took our nooning. This afternoon travelled over flat level plain full of alkali. No water till near night. Camped this evening on a small creek, plenty of good grass and good water, except it is milk warm. Travelled about twenty-seven miles to-day. Fine pleasant weather but very dusty. We have another mountain to cross and then we strike Marys when we have a straight shoot for California. The road before us and behind us is lined with emigrants. We have a man and his wife in our train.

Sunday, 8th: To-day we had a weary time. The roads were not bad, but very dusty, and no water, but once during the day. We have been descending towards Marys River all day. Tonight we camped on a small sunken stream with here and there an air hole where we could dip water which was very poor; scarcely any grass for the horses. Pleasant day except the dust which nearly smothered us. We travelled about 26 miles to-day; fine pleasant night.

Monday, 9th: Left camp this morning at five o'clock and travelled over a fine road and through a perfect desert of sage and no grass. This country is perfectly destitute of any kind of game, at least we have not seen any. We are nooning on a small creek, we suppose a tributary to Marys River, which we have been expecting to see for several days, but have not found it yet. One of our horses got alkali last night and is now very sick. We travelled this afternoon over a sage desert and encamped on the Great St. Marys or Humbolt River. It is here about two rods wide and four feet deep. Here we found good grass for our horses and plenty of wild currants. Travelled about twenty miles. Fine weather but very dusty.

Tuesday, 10th July: Left camp this morning at five o'clock after a beautiful night. Travelled down the banks of Marys River. It has a beautiful but narrow bottom covered with fine grass. The balance of the country is a complete waste of sage and barrenness. We are now nooning on the river some twelve miles from where we stayed overnight. We passed to-day large spots of wild wheat. It grows as high and looks very much like like our tame wheat and the kernel tastes about the same, but it is very small. This afternoon travelled about the same kind of country as the fore part of the day, sage and sand. This is the crookedest river I ever saw and once in a while it takes a shoot into the mountains while we have to climb over hills a mile or two when we meet again on the plain. We are now encamped on its bank with good grass and wheat. Travelled about twenty five miles; very fine day except the dust, which is intolerable. When we stop at night we are completely covered with i .

Wednesday, July 11th: Left camp this morning at the usual time. Travelled over a perfect desert waste of sage and sand. There was no wind to-day and we nearly smothered with dust. We passed a very large hot spring, but had no means to examine it, as it was on the opposite side of the river. We could see the smoke. We are nooning on the river about fourteen miles from our night camp. We have a very steep mountain to go over just before us. Afternoon left camp and in about three miles reached the mountain and commenced ascending. We got over it and through it about sundown and travelled till about nine o'clock before we found water or grass. We camped on the river after travelling about thirty miles. Fine day, but clouds of dust.

Thursday, 12th: This has been another hard day for man and horse. Left camp about six o'clock and in a little time struck the foot of the mountain where the river cut through and we could not follow. Consequently, had to go over the mountain and such a mountain and ravine. We gained the top of a very high mountain and then descended through a ravine, going up and down made about eight miles, and clouds of dust and nothing around us, but the eternal sage. Travelled to-day about twenty miles. Fine weather. Camping to-night on the same crooked Humbolt. Very poor grass, otherwise good camp ground, plenty of wild currants, and the boys are making good use of them. To-morrow we have to climb another high mountain.

Friday, July 18th: Left camp this morning without breakfast and commenced mounting the mountain. Got through about ten o'clock and struck the river and camped for breakfast. No grass. Israel Breyfogle's pony was drowned last night. Our horses are looking very poorly and weak on account of the grass being so scarce. To-night we have encamped on the river about fifteen miles from our encampment. We have good grass and plenty of it. We stopped about four o'clock on account of the grass and to give our horses rest.

Saturday, 14th July: To-day we took a late start on account of a company meeting where it was decided that we should lighten our waggons and throw one away as our horses were getting very poor and weak. We then started and overhauled the Columbus Company about eleven o'clock when we unloaded and threw away one waggon, and intend remaining till morning. We have had a very pleasant day and have got good grass and water for our horses. Came this forenoon about ten miles along the river bottom.

Sunday, July 15th: Left camp this morning with only three teams at two o'clock in order to pass a desert of twenty-five miles and had pretty fair grass so far. The Columbus boys are just ahead. They have just left a waggon. We intend overhauling them to-night. This afternoon we have travelled over a perfect desert of sand and sage. There is a small strip of grass near the river and no animal could cross it. It is the most desolate country I ever saw - not a living thing can be seen except now and then a poor miserable starved Digger Indian. We have travelled about 25 miles to-day and camped on the river with tolerable grass; fine day but hot. We did not overtake the Columbus boys as we expected.

Monday, 16th: Left camp this morning at five o'clock. Our road to-day is good, but has the same desolate appearance we had yesterday. On the left the river and all around us sand, sage and mountains. The river water is getting very poor and worse the further we go down it. We camped on the river after a drive of about 18 miles. Fine dry, dusty weather. In the morning we cross the mountain for about 12 miles when we strike the river again.

Tuesday, 17th: This morning we commenced climbing and descending through deep ravines of a very high mountain. We struck the river again in about twelve miles and stopped to noon. Very hot and heavy sandy roads. My

God, such a horrid country. We are broiling the very marrow from our bones and plenty of snow in sight. We travelled to-day about 20 miles. Very hot and sultry. Dust flying in clouds. Camped on the river which is getting quite small.

Wednesday, 18th: Left camp about six o'clock. Travelled about sixteen miles through sand and sage. Worst day we have had yet for our horses. Very fine day, but hot. Camped on the river. Good grass.

Thursday, 19th: Another day of labour through very deep sand and over hills. We struck the river twice to-day only to make it very bad for the horses on account of water. The dust is still very bad. Travelled about 20 miles; fine day. Camped two miles off the road on the river, poor grass.

Friday, 20th· This forenoon had a good road over a complete desert of sand. No water till about eleven o'clock when we found both grass and water in a bend of the river. This afternoon struck the desert again and travelled till about eight o'clock in the evening and struck the river where we camped without grass for the horses. Travelled about 27 miles. This travelling without feed is using the horses up fast.

Saturday, 21st: Left camp this morning before sunrise without breakfast. Still a desert as far as we can see. No grass, no water as yet. Stopped for breakfast at nine o'clock, poor feed for horses. We remained here till 4 o'clock this afternoon and travelled over the usual amount of sand and sage. Good roads though and camped about nine o'clock in the evening in the sage bushes and drove our horses into a deep slough to feed on bull rushes and grass if they can fine it. Travelled about 20 miles.

Sunday morning, 22nd: This morning found two-thirds of our horses gone and some of the others swamped. Some of the men have gone in pursuit and the rest are waiting for breakfast with a great deal of impatience. Our horses are failing very fast and I am doubtful whether we get them through. Times are getting very precarious. If grass does not get better very soon our horses must give out and then we must shoulder our knapsacks and foot it. Still, even at that, we are still better off than hundreds of others behind us. I think there must be a great many perish for want. There are four hundred waggons about three days behind all jambed together and must necessarily camp together and in that case their stock must perish and they must suffer. We think of lying by to-day. This afternoon concluded to go on fifteen miles. Arrived at our camping ground about dark within six miles of the end of the river and remained overnight without supper as there was no wood and we dare not use the water nor give it to our horses on account of the alkali. Travelled 25 miles.

(This is truly a gloomy time. We are yet some three hundred miles from our destination. Our horses nearly all giving out. No grass nor much prospect of having any for some sixty or seventy miles. If we don't, we must leave our waggons and pack our horses, and if they give out, we must foot it the balance of the way, and if we are detained on the road, our provisions will run short. We hear dreadful accounts of the sufferings in crossing the dessert, but hope it is not so bad as represented. We start at four to try our luck.)

Monday Morning, 23rd: Left this morning without breakfast and went six miles to the foot of the sink where we found the Columbus Company preparing to pass the desert of 45 miles, where there is neither grass nor water the whole distance. We have cut grass for our horses and are filling everything that will hold water. We started at four o'clock and drove all night. The Columbus Company started at 3 o'clock. We expect to lose some of our animals in crossing, but hope for the best. Very warm weather. Well we started at the hour appointed and travelled over the most gloomy looking country I ever saw. At twelve we had to stop as some of our horses gave out. We fed them a little grass or cane leaves rather and let them rest an hour. We had no water to give them. We travelled till daylight when we halted for breakfast; our horses nearly dead for drink, but we had to keep what we had to sustain ourselves. We then drove till about seven o'clock when they were so dry they refused to eat their grass and fell off every day, and about eleven o'clock were compelled to leave two of our waggons and send the one to the river with our horses to recruit them. Myself, Mr. Barnes and Plotner were left in charge of the two then. This is Tuesday evening, 24th. Very fine evening. Plotner, myself, Barnes and Evans are here on the broad desert surrounded by mountains in the distance, not a soul near us, no water within 17 miles. Once in awhile a poor, half-starved rat or ox or dog comes along which we let pass. We don't know how our boys got through or if they got through at all or not.

Wednesday, July 25th: We spent a very pleasant night under our canvas stretched from one waggon top to the other. About midnight the trains of emigrants commenced passing till daylight or sunrise when they ceased passing as they cannot cross in daylight on account of the heat of the weather and sand. We are enjoying ourselves as well as we can. Plotner and Evans are sawing. Barnes and myself are writing and reading and sleeping. It is already very hot and not noon yet; in the afternoon we generally have a light breeze which we seldom have in forepart of the day. We expect some of our boys out to-night with water, which we are nearly out of. Well it is sundown and no one from the river yet. We have our last water in the coffee pot. If they do not bring us some to-night two of us must go on foot to the river for the water and the other two must do without till about midnight as they cannot come in daylight. It has been a very pleasant day. Two Irishmen came long this afternoon with one horse. Two of their horses fell into a well about six miles back and they had to go on with only one and would hardly get to the river.

Thursday, 26th: This morning drank our last water and were disappointed in our boys bringing any from the river. Barnes and Evans have started for the river to have some sent to us, but we can't get it till some time after midnight as they cannot travel by day. Plotner and myself are alone here and he is suffering with the tooth-ache. Times look gloomy but we hope for the best. From twelve o'clock to sunrise the emigrants are passing in crowds, nearly perishing for water, and are leaving mules, horses and oxen to starve on the plains for they can't drive them on. I don't know what will become of the back trains. Hundreds must perish in crossing the desert. Fine cool morning and very quiet as Plotner can't talk, and I can't do anything but think. If the boys don't bring us water to-night, we shall be very thirsty at any rate. Sundown and no water yet. If they do not come to-night we must leave all and push for the river. Oh! how dry we are. It has been a very hot and close day, which made it far worse.

Friday, 27th July: Last evening about dark the boys came out to haul us in. We left a waggon and packed about 100 lbs. on one horse and started before the rest and consequently came in alone and it was the most horrid night I ever passed. The road was strewn with the carcasses of dead mules, horses and cattle, and most of them with pieces of flesh cut out by the Indians. I got to the camp about sunrise after walking all night. The Columbus Company is lying here. We lost two horses in crossing. Nearly every train lost more or less. We have good grass and water out of the Casson River. We intend staying here to recruit our horses. Fine weather.

Saturday, 28th: To-day we remained in this beautiful spot where we had plenty of grass and water and fine large old cotton wood trees for shade for man and beast. Fine pleasant weather. The Diggers are rather too plenty for comfort, but they have not troubled us yet.

Sunday morning, July 29th: Still lying here. The Columbus Company left here last evening. We leave two waggons here so that we start from here with one waggon and a cart which we made out of one of the waggons. Nine of our company have gone on within another train to rejoin when we arrive at the Diggins. We have lost altogether four horses on the road - pretty good luck considering everything. We expect to leave this afternoon. We started again at four o'clock to cross another desert of fifteen miles and reached the river about daylight, this morning; it was a horrid road. We left another horse on this desert which makes six that we have lost. We have now twenty horses and a waggon and a half, and if it keeps such roads, we will not get a horse across the mountains, but still we are well off compared to those behind us. There are about four thousand waggons behind that will have to pass about three hundred miles without any grass and very little water. Then must hundreds perish on the plains. The forty-five mile stretch is now almost impassible on account of the stench of the dead animals along the road which is literally lined with them and there is scarcely a single train or waggon but leaves one or more dead animals, so that it must be getting worse every day. We travelled to-day about 20 miles

Monday, July 30th: We left about three o'clock this afternoon to cross a desert of 15 miles which proved to be 25 Reached Casson River about three in the morning. Our horses nearly all giving out. We leave here this afternoon in time to cross another desert of eight miles. Fine weather, Very hot in the middle of the day, but quite cool nights. Travelled 28 miles.

Tuesday, July 31st: Left this afternoon and travelled about 8 miles and encamped on the Casson in splendid grass. Remained here for the night. Very pleasant. Left another horse behind to-day.

Wednesday, AUG. 1st: Left camp this morning about 6 o'clock and have been ascending and descending mountains up to this time, about 12 o'clock. Very bad stony road so far. The snow capped Nevada is close by, the long, anxiously wished for crossing. Remained here over night. Excellent grass for the horses and fine weather.

Thursday, Aug. 2nd: Left camp this morning about 6 o'clock and steered direct for the Nevada Mountains over a very sandy road, hard pulling for the horses. I am now waiting for the waggon and cart which are about two miles behind. It is now about 10 o'clock. We nooned on a beautiful mountain stream at the foot of the snow capped mountain. The water cold and pure as crystal. Travelled this afternoon along the foot of the Nevada about 8 miles and camped for the night with good grass for the horses. The mountain here is covered with beautiful pines from the base to the very top. Fine weather as usual.

Friday, August 3rd: Still travelling up the Casson along the base of the mountain in the edge of a beautiful valley about 12 miles wide, a perfect meadow of fine grass. We are nooning on a mountain run about 8 miles from our camp of last night. We have camped for the evening in the most beautiful spot we have seen on the road. It is in a gorge in the mountain about a quarter mile in width on one side. The Casson is pouring its fine cool and clear waters down into the valley, we have just left and on the other side the rugged Rocky Mountain rises some thousand feet above us covered with fine large pine trees to the very top. In the valley there are clumps of the largest pines and cedars I ever saw. Near us is fine clover and red top, grass for our horses; plenty of fine mountain trout in the river. On the whole it is a very romantic and beautiful spot. Travelled today about 14 miles. Fine day.

Saturday, 4th Aug: Left camp this morning and entered a canyon through and over the mountains. I am about half through with the loose horses and one of them in the mud over his back. His head only sticking out. I have sent back for help to get him out. This decidedly the worst road we have had. We have to haul the waggons over perpendicular rocks and just wide enough for the waggons to squeeze through and then down again, the same on either side of the road. The mountains rise straight up some hundreds of feet. Well we have got through this horrible road and have camped in a fine valley. Grass and water pretty good. We have now 6 miles of good road when we commence ascending the main mountain. We met to-day several ox teams bound for the Mormon City. They had just left the Gold Diggins and give us a rather favorable account of it - provisions are quite cheap and all other goods are falling. The Columbus Company are about six miles ahead of us. The water we are on is called Pass Creek. We have travelled about five miles to-day.

Sunday, Aug. 5th: To-day we travelled about ten miles. We climbed a mountain almost perpendicular, but got over safe and camped in Lake Valley. Fine water and grass. We intend staying here one day and then we have to climb the last but highest mountain; we had fine weather all along.

Monday, Aug. 6th: This morning ground was covered with a very heavy frost - snow is all around us. We set the tires on three of our wheels and after dinner started for the next mountain. We crossed one ridge and camped at the foot of the last and highest range of the California Mountains. We are in the midst of snow and ice above us, below us and all around us. It is quite cold this afternoon. We intended to go six miles further but the ascent is so very steep that we concluded to take another day for it. This and 40 miles back is the only tolerable part of the country we have passed through. The soil is rich and covered with every variety of shrubbery and wild fruit. The valleys and mountains are covered with pine, hemlock and cedar of the largest size, and the country flowing with water of the best quality and the finest grass in the world. Travelled about 4 miles.

Tuesday morning, Aug. 7th: This morning we crossed the last and highest ridge of the Sierra Nevada, and are now travelling along what they call the backbone and a very rough one it is. We camped at Tragedy Spring where there were three Mormons murdered. Travelled to-day about 15 miles.

Wednesday, Aug. 8th: This morning Evan Evans killed a fine fat buck just as we were about starting, and we stopped our teams to bring it in very willingly. It proved to be a fine black tail buck. We passed to-day through a beautiful forest of pines and hemlock. Nooned at Leak Spring and came on to Camp Creek 19 miles from our last encampment. It has been a very hilly road, mostly down hill. It is much warmer than it was a day or two since.

Thursday, 9th: We got up this morning and found our horses all gone and did not find them till about ten o'clock when we started over mountains and through valleys for sixteen miles and halted on a general camping ground. Here we found the Columbus boys. We had to take our stock some three miles to the south to grass. We are now 65 miles from Sutters, and the report is that there is no grass between. Our horses are very poor and weak but we may force them through. This is one of the finest countries in the world, if it would only rain, but as it is, half the fruit dries up before it is ripe. I gathered some of the finest gooseberries and raspberries to-day I ever saw in any country. You can only fine the fruit in some wet places as it does not rain for months and everything that is not watered by springs dries up and perishes. We intend staying over one day to recruit our stock. Fine cool weather.

Friday, Aug. 10th: To-day we have spent in herding our horses in one of the most romantic spots in the world. It is three miles from the road down a very deep ravine that a horse can scarcely travel. The valley is about 2 miles long by one broad with a beautiful stream running through the centre and a perfect meadow. One side the emigrants by our consent have left for mowing to make hay to carry with them as there is no grass for 40 miles. I am in the valley and have been tying hay into bundles to take with us in the morning. It seems to me just like haying time at home. There are about 40 mowing and tying up hay just in sight for the other trains, the horses, miles and oxen feeding all around me numbering some hundreds. It is beautiful weather as usual

Saturday, Aug. 11th: To-day we travelled about 19 miles and encamped at the first gold diggins for the night. Here we found one of the Columbus boys who had been digging about paying twenty one dollars per week and cleared about ten dollars which is considered pretty good for a new beginner.

Sunday, Aug. 12th: To-day we are lying still right in the diggings. There are four or five companies staying here. I dug or washed a little gold to-day just to try. There is plenty of gold here but it is not near what we expected. A great many are troubled with the blues and talk of going home.

Monday, Aug. 13th: This day we had an election of officers. Israel Breyfogle, John Stimmel, Hinkle and myself withdrew from the Company and I started for Sacramento City with Old Charley for my share of the stock - no money, nor meat nor bread.

Tuesday, Aug. 14th: Still on the road in company with Mr. Bryder of Columbus Company. We expect to get to the City to-morrow. We paid last night for supper one dollar and fifty cents each, the same for breakfast.

Wednesday, Aug. 15th: We arrived at the City about ten o'clock to-day and found the Columbus boys and Mr. Harris waiting for their Company. This is a business place, plenty of gold floating about and provisions plenty.

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Remained at the City until the 20th of September when Gott, Barns, Even, Said and myself left for the Trinity. Arrived at Nies Ranch the 23rd and camped opposite the ranch on Yuba River. Travelled up the Yuba some distance and struck across the plains to the Feather River and followed it up some 40 miles through one of the finest oaks, making the finest shade for the elk and doe and wild cattle with which it is stocked and furnishing food from its acrons for the Indians who are very numerous. We saw thousands of bushels of them gathered in a sort of willow crib for their winter's supply. Here we first saw the really naked, that is, the men. The women appear to have a little modesty as they wear a very small apron. We arrived on Butte Creek on Wednesday, the 25th. We travel principally by night on account of the heat, which is very excessive. We lay by through the day and leave here at about sunset and we intend travelling about 8 miles to-night when we intend to come to a desert which we will cross to-morrow night. We met Dr. Mann last Friday going to the City and to-day met Loring. They have just got in from the plains.

Thursday, 28th: Reached here, Deer Creek, from Butte Creek, crossing Rio Checo, 29 miles. We are now lying at Lawson's Ranch one hundred and thirty miles from the City. We leave here to-night for Nies Ranch. Left Lawson's about four o'clock and travelled about 12 miles and camped for the night near Sacramento River. 27th crossed the Sacramento about noon and camped four miles up the river. Started about dark and camped on the west side of the river about six miles from the crossing this morning.

30th: Went about four miles and camped for the day. To-night we have a desert of 18 miles to cross without feed or water.

Reached Reddings the 4th of October and commenced mining the fifth and found very little gold, the same the two following days. To-day, Sunday, went to a funeral of a Mr. Butten, of Virginia, who died after reaching here; he was wrapped in his blanket and buried without a coffin. It is very sickly here at present. We are selling our provisions out very low to get back. We intend leaving as soon as we sell out.

Sacramento City, California, Wednesday, 9th January, 1850

This is truly an awful night, now ten o'clock. Yesterday we had quite a rainy day and a very heavy rain all last night. This morning the river commenced rising and at this time the whole city is under water. My house on one of the highest parts of the city is now flooded, about one foot of water on the floor and the water still rising very fast. It is now raining and likely to rain all night. We can hear the boats in every direction and around us carrying people from and to their houses. The lower part of the City must be in a deplorable state as the river, as we learn, has broken over the banks and inundated the whole lower part of the city. The particulars we cannot learn till morning.

Thursday, 10th: This morning we have about five feet of water in our house. We hailed a boat and moved across the street in the upper story of a wooden house, some fifteen of us. The whole country as far as the eye can reach is under water, nothing but a wild sea all around. Hundreds of families have had to leave their houses in boats and go out on the high land. This is now the 26th, and we are still in the house we took in the first place. It has rained nearly every day since the 10th. The water is now falling very fast. Yesterday I assisted in burying Samuel Robinson, of Union County, son of Asa Robinson, who had another son die on Mary's River, and another went back from St. Joseph. They were members of Dr. Mann's company.

February 7th: Well here we are again afloat bound for the mines, Israel Breyfogle, Mr. Said and myself, and we are now sailing over ten foot water over the very ground that I travelled over in October in ox teams nearly perishing for water, and now as far as the eye can extend, east, west, north and south, a ten foot sea of water.

8th: To-day passed Mr. Sutters and stopped a few minutes. He was not at home but was at San Francisco to meet his wife and children whom he sent for from Europe. He was expected tomorrow and they are going to give a royal reception by firing salutes, and this afternoon arrived at Yuba City on the banks of Feather River near the junction of the Yuba. Crossed over to Yuba and Marysville another city on the Yuba all built within a few weeks.

9th: Left for the mines in an ox team. Camped about three miles from town for the night.

10th: Arrived at Ourley's Basin, the gold diggins on the Yuba.

12th: The boys are out hunting a location and we expect to get to work in a day or so. It is 12 miles from Marysville to the first diggins. The river is at present a very rapid stream, although much reduced in the course of the summer. It is now lined with tents for some 9 miles, as far as I have been, and there is some fifty or a hundred passing every day for the Upper Diggins. Israel Breyfogle went to work on a mill on the 17th of this month (February) at about 100 dollars per week. I have done nothing as yet. Intend going to work in the morning with Mr. McQueen on a claim that I located. He furnishes the machine and I the location. Provisions are very dear at present, but will be cheaper in a few weeks. I am boarding with Mr. McQueen.

Sunday 17th: The Indians are becoming very troublesome. Several whites have been killed and more Indians, and in almost every instance the whites have been the aggressors.

Saturday, 23rd February: Left to-day for the Upper Diggins in company with Mr. Said and two others, and we took the course of the river instead of the mountain road and maybe we didn't have to climb.

24th: Proceeded up the river and camped on Negro Barr with a company of negroes and was treated finely.

25th: To-day travelled from Negro Barr some 18 miles to this place, Foster's Barr, and am staying to-night with Mr. Dutton of Waldo, one of Dr. Mann's Company. They have a good log cabin built, and are very comfortable. It is a very rainy evening and is to-night still raining.

Thursday, 28th: Left this morning for the mountains, crossed the river at this place and had to climb a very high mountain about three miles long and very steep. Arrived at Dutton and Armstrong's tent 8 miles from Foster's Barr through snow from 2 to 3 feet deep. Intend staying here for the night when I shall push on for the Forks of the river.

Friday, 1st MARCH: Here I go again through the snow and across the mountains bound for the Forks of the river. The Waldo boys, Dutton and Armstrong have been very kind and hospitable. I expect to see them up the river in a few days.

Saturday, 2nd March: I arrived at Goodhue's camp last night through snow from five to ten feet deep and am now in a tent belonging to some Tennessee boys. I leave here in a few minutes for the forks of the river 8 miles above. It is now snowing very fast. Got to the forks this afternoon after a very hard day's climbing, creeping and sliding. Got the privilege of sleeping in a tent belonging to some Missourians.

Sunday morning, March 3rd: The people are all preparing to dam the river as soon as the snow will permit. There is nothing doing here at present on account of the snow and high water. Provisions are very dear; beef $1.00, pork $2.00, tea $3.00, sugar $2.50, flour $3.00. Boots from forty to eighty dollars. The extreme difficulty in getting them here is the cause of the high prices, as it is necessary to have them brought most of the way on men's backs through the deep snow. There were some eight or ten men came up when I did packed with from fifty to eighty pounds.

Wednesday, 6th: Still at this place. Was out prospecting one day and got some twenty-four dollars. Yesterday went 3 miles down the river to buy provisions and found Dutton and bought provisions of him, flour two dollars per hundred, pork five per hundred. Last night Dutton and myself got in the cabin of Messrs. Mar, Berry, Potter and Kelly, a very fine comfortable house, and lucky it was that we got in, for we had one of the worst nights I have seen since I have been in California, raining, blowing, and snowing the whole night and is still storming. We can do nothing at present. Intend staying here some time.

Thursday, March 7th: Still in the cabin of the above gents. I find them first-rate men. It has been storming all day and still continues. Mr. Dutton and myself went down three miles to his tent for provisions. The snow about three feet deep. We packed an Indian up with quite a load. This is a terrible time - the snow about three feet deep, and can do nothing at mining, but we have good quarters, thanks to the owners of this cabin Mr. Mar and Berry, of Mississippi, Potter and Kelly of Illinois - four as fine men as God ever let live, and it is a great pleasure to find a few specimens of real humanity in this wild and inhospitable region. I am now one hundred and some sixty miles from Sacramento City at the forks of the Yuba, thirty or forty miles from the Sierra Nevada.

Friday, 8th: Snow still deeper and no chance for work. The snow is too deep and the weather too cold. I am still in the friendly cabin. I am afraid this weather is going to last for some time, which will be very hard on some of the miners, as they have very little provisions and they are very high.

Saturday, 9th: This has been a very fine day, but cold. We prospected a little to-day but failed in finding anything, except Mr. Mar who got some fifty dollars.

Sunday, 10th: Another fine day, the snow gradually melting away. Prospected again to-day but without success; in fact, we can do nothing till the snow leaves us.

Monday, March 11th: This has been another stormy day. It has rained and snowed the whole day and to-night it is still raining and blowing very hard. The river is rising very fast.

Tuesday, 12th: This has been another horrid stormy day, snowing, blowing and raining the whole day. Dutton and myself went three miles below and brought a pack of about 50 pounds on our shoulders through the snow and storm.

Wednesday, March 13th: Last night was a terrible night and to-day the snow is about two feet deeper than yesterday, and it is still storming, but thanks to the friendly cabin, we are very comfortable under good shelter and excellent company, a most glorious set of men. The cabin is filled every day with wayfarers through the snow and over the mountains. The latch-string is always out. God bless the cabin and its inmates for their kindness to strangers.

Thursday, March 14th: Last night continued snowing all night and is still snowing very hard. The roads must be impassable and all that are up here are shut out from all communication with the world and we can neither go far nor can they bring to us any provisions, and if the weather continues anytime they will be very scarce and there must be some suffering for the want of them. It now appears as if this weather would last some time. Still we are very comfortable in the cabin at present.

Friday, March 15th: Snowed all night and is still snowing. When it will stop, God only knows. It is rather serious time. We have nothing to do but cook, eat and get wood to keep ourselves and be as patient as possible.

Saturday, March 16th: This has been a most beautiful day. To-day we packed Dutton and his party's things up from three miles below. They are now putting up their tent near this friendly cabin and I think we will all work together.

Sunday, March 17th: This has been another fine day, but very cold.

Monday, March 18th: Snowing as hard as ever and consequently cold.

Tuesday, March 19th: To-day we have entered into an agreement with the cabin boys to dam one Island in the river near here.

Wednesday, March 20th: Fine day. All hands at work on the dam in hopes of making our piles in a few months.

Thursday, March 21st: Fine day - hopes still brightening.

Friday, March 22nd: This morning snowing, which turned to raining slightly, worked this forenoon and it is still raining. Not much prospect of work this afternoon.

Saturday, 23rd, March, 1850: It still continues raining. Prospects gloomy. Quite a gathering of long faces about these diggins at present.

Sunday, 24th: Set in with rain and continued showery all day. This afternoon we had to work on the dam as the water was running over it. It is getting to be pretty tough times here as there is very little provisions, and no communication with the lo er country and consequently are getting very dear. This is a very droll community - Lawyers, Judges, Merchants and Tailors, gentlemen (very nice) blacksmiths and sailors, Indians, Kanacers, Spaniard, French, and Dutch, and such a costume here you will see a judge, lawyer or merchant with fine cassimere pants, patched with a half yard of blanket on the seat, another on each knee, and some no patches at all. Coats they don't pretend to. On a cold day they stick their head through a blanket which answers them for coat, cloak and overcloak. Some are luc,y enough to have boots with their toes peeping out. Others none at all, and cannot get them. The snow from two to twenty feet deep. Their destitution is not for want of money for they nearly all have plenty of dust but can't use it.

March 25th, Monday: This morning it is still raining. We went down to the dam and made it secure in case of the water rising much higher, and in the meantime, we must lay on our oars till it clears up. Our prospects are good if we can get our dam completed. I have been here three weeks and it has cost me so far over one hundred dollars and had nothing to eat but bread and pork and very poor at that.

Tuesday, March 26th: This has been a very fine day. The water still rising. Went prospecting to-day. Got 8 dollars.

Wednesday, March 27th: This has been another very fine day. River still rising and I suppose will continue rising till the snow is gone.

Thursday, 28th: This is another fine day. River still rising fast. Went prospecting to-day. Got some 7 dollars.

Friday, 29th: This has been a beautiful day, but no work yet. The snow is going very fast and we will soon get to work.

Saturday, 30th: Very fine warm day.

Sunday, 31st: This morning quite cool. Slight sprinkle of rain but has cleared off and fine afternoon. Provisions still dear.

Monday, APRIL 1st: This has been another very fine day but no work yet. Bought boots to-day for two ounces.

Tuesday, April 2nd, 1850: This has been a very fine day. Made six dollars.

Wednesday, April 3rd: Another fine day. Made eight dollars. River still too high to work on the dam.

Thursday, April 4th: Very fine day. Our location is beginning to look flourishing. Plenty of provisions here now and cheap.

Friday, April 5th: Still very fine weather.

Saturday, April 6th: This is a very rainy day. River rising fast.

Sunday, April 7th: Still raining and river still rising.

Monday, April 8th: Fine day. River going down.

Tuesday, April 9th: This is another fine day to-day. Myself and Mr. Everson have finished us a log cabin near our dam and moved into it.

Wednesday, April 10th: Very fine morning. Passed a very pleasant night in our new cabin. Like our location very much.

Thursday, April 11th: Still fine weather.

Saturday, April 13th: Still fine weather, but no work.

Tuesday, April 16th: Weather still continues very fine and river still rising and will continue to do so till the snow is gone from the head of the river where it is very deep. It is ascertained that gold is very plenty and coarse about 20 or 30 miles up the south fork of the river and there is a great anxiety to get there first by the miners. Scarcely a day passes but some of them leave here to find the rich spot, but they generally come back in two or three days with dismal accounts of the deep snow and steep and high mountains, but others try it again and return the same. One, however, more energetic than the rest has brought a few specimens that he picked up some 20 miles from here, but it is a secret between himself and me and Mr. Everson. In the morning they start to test the matter thoroughly and if it proves as we expect they will return home and the three of us will pack our provisions up and gather what we wish in a few days and start for home. God send that they may find it to exceed their most sanguine wishes. Since the 2nd of March the number of miners has increased from about sixteen to near six hundred and provisions are now selling for one dollar per pound all round which is considered very low.

Wednesday, April 17th: This has been a rather disagreeable day, threatening rain or snow all day. This evening rained and snowed a little; quite cool.

Thursday, April 18th: To-day has been a very fine day. River falling slowly.

Friday, April 19th: This morning has set in with rain.

Monday, April 22nd: To-day we have been working very hard on the dam. Fine day. Water still falling.

Tuesday, April 23rd: Fine day. Our work going on finely.

Sunday, 29th: Since Tuesday we had fine weather except very cold nights and hot days. River rising which makes it very hard for our damming. Yesterday and to-day I was quite unwell. Caught cold by getting my feet wet. I think will be able to work in morning.

Saturday, May 4th: We have very fine weather, but river too high for our dam. Dug to-day in the bank and got eleven or twelve dollars.

Sunday, 5th: This morning we found about one half of our dam gone. The river has risen very much since yesterday. From appearances we will have to commence a new one as soon as the water goes down. It is rather a hard hit but we must stand it as well as we can. If this weather continues the snow will soon be gone when the river will fall as we will have no more snow till next Fall.

Tuesday, May 7th: Yesterday, nothing done on account of high water. To-day dug 46 dollars.

Wednesday, 8th: Got to-day fifteen dollars twenty-five cents.

Saturday, May 11th: Yesterday was buried the first Mr. Henry Wimans, of Boston, the first death on the forks.

JULY 4TH, 1850: This has been a great day. Some two or three thousand people gathered into the Forks to celebrate the fourth and to see Judge Lynch execute his law on a poor devil for stabbing a man 8 times. Had the man died, he would have been hung. As it was, he received 40 lashes on his bare back by a very strong man with a very severe whip and it nearly killed him. Charles was one of the Judge's Jurymen. Last week another man died. Our new dam is nearly finished and I am quite sick but getting better.

SEPTEMBER 4th, 1850: Wednesday: To-day I. U. White arrived and found me lying in a hammock in the round tent of James Galloway. Left N. W. Reynolds in Sacramento City, Monday 16th.

Monday, 16th Sept.: Last night we had a tremendous rain accompanied with thunder and lightening. This morning I moved up the South Fork to Charles. White very sick.

Friday, 20th: White quite sick. Confined to his bed. Had Doctor Packard here this morning. I have to quit work to attend on him.

Saturday, 21st: We had a fine rain to-day.

Sunday, 22nd: A cold gloomy day, but no rain.

Monday, 23rd: Fine day in the forenoon. Afternoon showery and pleasant. Afraid the rainy season has set in. White still confined to his bed and I taking care of him.

OCTOBER 8th: This morning cold and gloomy. Set in to rain about ten o'clock and is now raining very hard. White still quite sick.

Wednesday, 9th: Went to town to-day for provisions. Bought two sacks of flour, sack of potatoes and box of sugar. In climbing the mountains the jackass slipped. I tried to save him by slipping my hand in the girth and away went jack, flour, sugar and myself down the mountains, head over heels, one over the other, till the girth broke, when we went on our own hook. I landed some 30 or 40 feet below the mule against a ledge of craggy rocks, badly bruised. The jack was not hurt, but we lost one sack of flour and all our sugar. I was quite bruised for the first day but went to work the next morning. I. U. White is still sick and the greatest child I ever saw in my life. He is a perfect baby. Requires two to wait on him and would have more if he could get them.

October 28th: This has been an unlucky day for me. I had a canister of powder blown up in my hand and shattered it very much.

November 23rd: We have had fine weather for two or three weeks back till yesterday it commenced raining. Rained all night and it is raining still. We had just finished our dam yesterday and now it is nowhere. Thank God we have a very comfortable cabin to live in. Richard arrived here on the 9th of this month. White is getting better fast.

November 30th: My hand is still very bad. I have done about two days work since I hurt it, but it got worse and is now worse than ever. I cannot use it at all and not much prospect of using it soon. White is still under the weather, but is gaining slowly.

December 7th: This day Charles left here for San Jose for the purpose of farming with his brother-in-law Henion. Mr. Coles also left for home. White slowly improving.

MEMOS FROM BAC OF DIARY: -

Sept. 25th, 1850. Yuba Forks.
Brooker S. Jefferson $124.00
Kings Mill, Montgomery County, Missouri.

Names of the gentlemen owning the friendly cabin at the Forks of the Yuba:
Nathan Kelly, of Pittsfield, Pike Co., Illinois
Hugh Berry, of Lauderdale, County town of Marion, Mississippi.
Richmond Potter, Illinois, Washington Co., Penn.
Daniel Mar, New York City.
Residents with me in the cabin:
N. I. Everson, Schuyler County, Huntsville, Illinois.
Alexander McCain, Mount Sterling, Brown City, Illinois.
To all of these I must send papers and letters at the earliest convenience.

From where you strike the river	(Miles)	8
Up the river		12
To Pass Creek Canyon, good camping ground every few miles		42
Through Pass Creek Canyon		5
To Red Lake at the foot of dividing ridge good camping nearby		11
Lake Valley, G.C.		6
Over the highest ridge to Rock Valley, G.C.		19
To Leek Springs, G.C. By the way		13
Camp Creek, P.C.		10
Down the Ridge		16
(And turn your animals into a valley two miles to your left, good grass)		
To Pleasant Valley		12
Here is the first gold diggins, grass is scarce, water plenty.		
To Sutters Fort		55

Bought of Foster 23 lbs. flour and 8 lbs bacon at $2.00
$62.00,

Yuba River, March 23rd.

Enquire for John McKenzie, Jacob's Uncle.

S. Davis left our mess the 18th of January.

Geo. Walls commenced the 15th at supper.

Amount of funds paid by Lang for self & Breyfogle	$ 56.00
Amount on hand Saturday, 3rd	$116.00

Evan Evans - Cr. for pork	$ 5.87
Osborn for oxen -	$15.00

Articles not in the bills of mess:

Keg of vinegar - Goutt	$ 8.00
Matches - Breyfogle	$ 1.62
Saleratus - Breyfogle	$ 3.00
Cash rec'd by Goutt	$13.00

"Many men of various opinions"
"Birds of a feather flock together"

LAWS THAT GOVERN THE MINERS OF THE FORKS OF THE UPPER YUBA

Forks of Yuba River, Mar. 3, 1850

Met according to agreement at Wm. Riley's Cabin. Meeting was organized by the appointment of Major Briggs, Chairman, C. G. Russell, Secretary, Messrs. O. S. Sexton, N. Kelly, H. A. Russell Committee. Moved and accepted that the report of the Committee be accepted.

Resolved 1st. That ten yards be the amount of each claim extending to the middle of the river.
2nd. That each claim be staked and a tool or tools be left upon it.
3rd. That five days be allowed to prepare and occupy each claim.
4th. That none but natives and naturalized citizens of the United States shall be allowed to hold claims.
5th. That the word native shall not include the Indians of this country.
6th. That companies damming the river shall hold each an individual claim and have right to the bed of the river below low water mark as far as they dry.
7th. That claims be in connection with their dams.
8th. That all matter of disputes shall be settled by reference.
9th. That in case of trial for crime of any crime of any kind there shall be ten present besides jury and witnesses.
10th. That seafaring men in possession of American protection shall be allowed claims.
11th. That whenever he shall not be able to show his papers he shall have a fair trial.

Resolved that this code of laws be in force from and after the 4th of March. Resolved that a vote of thanks be given to the Committee. Resolved that the Upper Yuba District consist of Good Years Barr and all above.

Moved that this meeting adjourn to the first Sunday of next month.

(Signed) O. S. Sexton)
N. Kelly) Committee.
H. A. Russell)

Major Briggs, President
C. H. Russell, Secretary

Dear Mary: - Richard leaves here for home. I merely say to you that I will be at home next Fall if I live. I sent by Doctor Knapp, of Illinois, $100. - by White $129. - and by Richard 60 odd. I hope you will receive it from all of them. I will write as soon as I get your next letter. Good-bye. Dick will tell you all,

(Signed) J. D. Breyfogle

Mary, excuse me for not writing more at this time. I am not in a humour to write. I will tell you all about it soon after Richard gets there, two or three months after at most. God bless you Mary and the children, and believe me, your devoted husband.

(Signed) J. D. Breyfogle

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